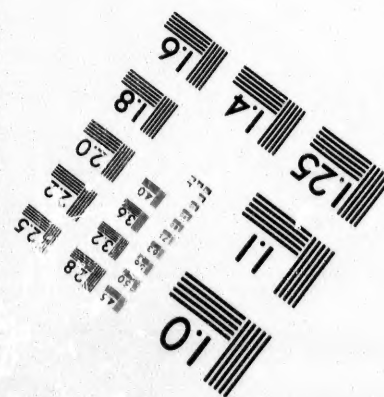
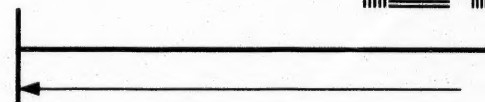


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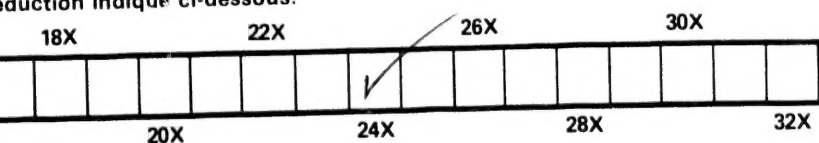
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NOTES FROM A JOURNAL

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IN

NORTH AMERICA

IN 1883.

BY W. HENRY BARNEBY,
William

OF BREDENBURY COURT, BROMYARD.

HEREFORD:
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NOTES FROM A JOURNAL IN NORTH AMERICA, IN
1883.

[REPRINTED FROM THE "HEREFORD TIMES."]

ARTICLE I.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—NEW YORK—AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAVELLING—
WEST TO DENVER, COLORADO.

IN the American tour made by my two friends, Mr. Mitchell, of Wiltshire, the late Mr. Clive, of Whitfield (in this county), and myself, during the spring and summer of the present year; we all endeavoured to collect as much information as possible—more especially as regards farming and emigration—in the hope of thus being able to assist those at home who might be thinking of seeking a new home across the Atlantic. There was a kind of unwritten agreement among us that whatever information we might be able to procure should, in one form or another (though not necessarily in print), be made available to those interested in the subject; and, in sending these contributions to the *Hereford Times*, I feel I am but following out the wishes of the friend and fellow-traveller who has been taken from us, and whose loss we all deplore. Had he lived, we should probably have made this contribution jointly; but I must now endeavour to produce such information as I conveniently can alone, taking the same from notes made at the time, and from my own personal observations, and selecting such subjects as I hope may prove both interesting and instructive. I shall purposely avoid all private matter; and shall, as far as possible, touch only on topics of general interest, which will probably include matters relating to California, British Columbia, Manitoba, and the North-West Territory; and I hope that the information thus given may be useful to future travellers, and to (at any rate) some emigrants, for I shall refrain from stating anything but actual facts which came within my own knowledge.

It was our intention to have devoted a considerable time on our homeward route to the older states and provinces, and to have visited the new homes of the Hereford cattle; but these projects were unhappily cut short by the sudden calamity of Mr. Clive's death.

A full account of our travels might, I fear, prove wearisome, and would take several months to print in newspaper form; I have, therefore, decided on publishing only six articles, the

materials for which I shall select from my journal, choosing those portions which I think may prove of the greatest interest, and trusting that the reader will accept my contributions in the same spirit in which they are given.

On the 10th May, 1883, I started on my second American tour, accompanied by my friends, the late Mr. Meysey Clive and Mr. Arthur Mitchell. We sailed in the S.S. Germanic (5,004 tons), White Star Line; Captain Keenedy, commander. She is a fine vessel, and an excellent sea-boat; but, as it is not my intention to recommend one line of steamers in preference to another, I will merely state that she was in every way as comfortable and as well managed as any vessel need be. I felt myself very much at home on board, as I had crossed the Atlantic in 1881, in the sister ship, the Britannic, of which the Germanic is in every respect a facsimile. We had secured the best accommodation procurable—namely, the Purser's cabin on deck for one of our party, and a large roomy family cabin below for the other two.

One cannot judge properly of an ocean steamer except by experience as a passenger, but the following hints may be useful:—Engage your berth as long beforehand as you can, and, if possible, get it in front of the engine-room and dining saloon, so as to avoid the heat and smell—for, of course, when the vessel is in motion the current of air always blows aft. Take your berth also as near the centre of the vessel as you can, and always engage one in an outside cabin (that is, one near a port-hole), for those in the inside cabins have less light and no fresh air. By paying a little extra, an officer's cabin is usually obtainable; and this in the summer months is a very great advantage, as these cabins are generally on deck. In winter or in rough weather, however, the motion is less felt down below; and the nearer you can get to the keel the better. Upon going on board, make early arrangements with the bath man to put your name down for a certain hour. On some of the vessels this official is also the barber and hair-dresser; so that, should you wish it, you can get properly "fixed up" every morning. The hours for meals are generally—breakfast, 8 or 8.30 till 10 a.m.; luncheon, 1 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m.; supper, any time you like to ask for it. There are, therefore, quite enough opportunities for eating and drinking, and the food is all of high quality and well served. Some people, however, resign themselves to their fate immediately they come on board; and, retiring to their cabins, are never seen again until they reach the other side of the Atlantic. Passengers of this class are not entitled to be placed under the head of good sailors, and must be a real blessing to the victualling department. The rule is for lights to be put out at eleven, p.m.; but, I believe, one can have one burning the whole night through if desired. Of course, there is a smoking-room,—it is on deck; and no smoking is allowed down below.

The above remarks apply to first-class passengers only, but

a few hints to second-class passengers may also be useful. Most lines carry both steerage and "intermediate" passengers, the former being of the ordinary emigrant class. On large steamers different nationalities are, when below, divided off into separate quarters. The accommodation is as good as can be expected, but, of course, the space allotted to each person is very limited; the feeding, however, is excellent, and every care is paid to cleanliness. What is called the "intermediate" is accommodation between the saloon and the emigrant class; in this, rooms for whole families are procurable at a rate very little above the steerage fare; and the part of the vessel allotted to these passengers is generally about the steadiest on board. I have purposely refrained from quoting the fares across the Atlantic, for these prices are easily obtainable by writing to any of the Transatlantic shipping offices, and different lines vary, according to the accommodation they have to offer.

In conclusion, I consider that the horrors of an Atlantic passage are very much over-rated; and, as far as I am concerned, I would rather spend nine days on board one of these magnificent vessels, than the same number of hours on a Channel steamboat. Some people would be astonished if they could witness the ordinary dinner-table of an ocean steamer, and see from one to two hundred people sitting down to a well-served dinner in a handsome saloon, and looking just as comfortable there, when in mid-ocean, as they would at a *table d'hôte* in a first-class hotel—assuming the Atlantic to be on good behaviour.

But I must return to our travels. We had a beautiful run down the Mersey, and were favoured with calm sea and fine weather until we reached Queenstown, where, as we had some hours to wait for the mails, we landed, and took the opportunity of going to see Cork. Before 5 p.m. we had weighed anchor, and had started for New York—a run of 2,885 miles from Queenstown to Sandy Hook at the mouth of New York Harbour—the rain meantime coming down in the most correct Irish style, until we lost sight of land. We did not have a particularly good or quick passage, for we experienced three days of heavy sea, and mostly head winds; and two days of fog—during nearly the whole of which we had to run at half-speed—and the horrible noise of the fog-horn was incessantly heard. When this at last cleared off, the weather was most enjoyable; and it was a grand sight to see our fine vessel being pushed along as fast as possible in order to make up for lost time. Each line of Atlantic steamers has its own separate course for both the outward and return journeys; and during our passage we saw no vessels except two or three sailing ships, until nearing New York on the 19th May. That night there was rather a commotion on board, owing to another steamer having come unpleasantly near to us; and it subsequently transpired that we had really only narrowly escaped a collision.

On reaching New York Harbour, on the 20th, we were put

in quarantine to await inspection by the doctor; and found ourselves in company with four or five other large ships, all full of emigrants. It is the duty of the medical officer who comes on board to see that all the emigrants are vaccinated; and our doctor had performed this operation on about 100 of them during the passage out. On being released from quarantine we landed, and went at once to the Brevoort House Hotel, where we secured rooms. New York did not seem to have changed much since I saw it two years ago, except that the Brooklyn suspension bridge—then in course of construction—was finished, and was to be opened the following week with great ceremony by my friend, the Hon. Abram Hewitt, member of Congress for New York. I was very sorry that we could not wait to see this, but it was impossible, and Mr. Hewitt could not even obtain permission for us to inspect it, all permits being refused. New York is now becoming so well known that it is unnecessary for me to say much about it. I consider the harbour to be one of the finest I have ever seen; I should fancy that this one, and that of San Francisco, are unequalled in America. Broadway is the principal business street; the Fifth Avenue is the fashionable quarter, and is remarkable for its handsome houses and numerous churches. The city is regularly built in blocks; Broadway runs diagonally to the avenues, thus intersecting all the blocks. The Central Park is extremely well laid out, and is quite worth a visit. To strangers, the elevated railway is one of the principal sights of New York; it is carried on trestles right along the street; the trains run on a level with the first-floor windows of the houses, which I should think must be very inconvenient for the owners, as one can see right into the rooms in passing along. There are very few hired carriages to be had in New York, and what there are are frightfully dear; but street cars (or trams) run nearly everywhere, both in New York and other American cities; and, on account of their cheapness, are a great convenience to the residents. Some of the cars are closed like ours; others are open, with cross seats, and are in summer very pleasant to travel in; they all go at a good pace, and it is not at all a bad way of getting about when lionizing the various towns, for one can see a great deal by changing from one car to another. I may here add a word about the river steamboats of America, of which the best are those plying near New York. These are veritable floating palaces, accommodating about 1,000 passengers. The arrangements are generally as follows:—The deck projects over the hull so as to give more space in the vessel, and yet cause her to make as little resistance to the water as possible; the goods and engines are usually on the lower deck; and the upper one is an immense saloon, with sleeping berths all round. There are open spaces fore and aft, to walk or sit about. On the steamers near New York the commissariat is good, but on most of the others it is very bad.

Perhaps, before proceeding to a more detailed account of

the various parts we visited, it may be as well to give here some general information on railway travelling. This I had always heard was good in America; and so it is on some lines, or if you travel by a Pullman car—to secure the comfort of a seat in which it is well worth while to pay the extra fee demanded. These cars are attached to most trains, but not to all; and the ordinary cars are cramped, and often crowded; they hold about 60 people, and the seats all face the engine. Though they can be turned round, the conductor usually does not allow this to be done, for Americans never sit with their back to the engine. In hot weather all the windows are open, as are often the doors at each end besides, so that it is impossible to get out of the draught; indeed, the windows are so made that they only put up half-way, and the wooden frame of the glass interferes sadly with the view. On these occasions the dust and engine blacks blow in in clouds, and, as the blacks are almost small coals, the extreme unpleasantness can hardly be described. There are no classes in American railways, so you cannot choose your company, and may have either a New York senator or a nigger for your nearest fellow-passenger. But, although no classes are recognised, a new system is creeping in, of having slower trains, called emigrant trains; and in these the fares are at a reduced rate, thus amounting to second-class trains. Each car or number of cars has a conductor and porter; each separate Pullman has both officials. Those in the Southern States are very civil, but in the Northern, and some of the Western ones, they are exceedingly rough. Being, apparently, great men in their own estimation, they make use of the carriage to sit in themselves, and, judging by their manner, they view the passengers as receiving a favour in being allowed to ride there at all. They invariably bang the doors with a louder crash than anyone else on entering or leaving the car. This perpetual door-banging is one of the greatest nuisances in American railway travelling. Whether it be passengers, conductor, porter, or newspaper-man (who takes it in turns to come round with books, papers, fruit, and cigars) all bang the doors as hard as they can (apparently) in passing backwards and forwards. It is really difficult to explain the want of quiet experienced in American travelling; the motion of the cars is noisy and uncomfortable, and, added to this and the perpetual door-banging, there is the hoarse whistle of the engine, and the almost incessant tolling of its bell; for few of the railways are thoroughly fenced in, and, in many cases, the train runs through the open streets of the towns, sounding the bell, of course, all the time. In the Pullman cars you are allotted a comfortable sleeper if on a long journey, or an arm-chair if it is only a drawing-room car. The porter (whether in the Pullman or the ordinary car) is generally a nigger, and his business is to look after the car, and not after you; so much so that any help from him is quite exceptional, and many a time have I had a great struggle to get up or down

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at the end of the cars, overweighted by my luggage; the porter meanwhile looking on, and never thinking of coming to the rescue. There are only two doors to each car (forward and aft), and to get in or out takes a considerable time, for the last step is some distance from the ground. The trains almost always start off without warning, either by bell or word of mouth, and this increases the inconvenience of there being so few ways of entrance and exit; for people will stand on the platform, and there is always a scrimmage to regain one's place when the train moves off. There are no regular station porters, so you must look after your own luggage, for no one will give you the slightest assistance; unless you send it to the luggage-room some time (often an hour) before your train is to start, and have it checked to your destination. I suppose this is a good plan if one is travelling with a large amount of luggage; yet if one adopts it, there is occasionally an inconvenient delay in the delivery of one's things. The arrangements for smoking are very bad; sometimes there is no accommodation excepting on the platform outside; but as a rule there is one car (though an uncomfortable one), in which it is allowed, but in this the dirt is usually sufficient to deter one from entering. In the Pullman cars, however, there is generally a little room attached. A night journey in an ordinary car must be simple torture, but most trains running any distance carry a Pullman "sleeper." These make up twenty-four berths in two tiers, of which the lower berths are preferable, as the upper ones are liable to get covered with the coal-blacks and dust penetrating through the top ventilators. Some trains carry dining-room cars, which are a great convenience—for in the matter of wayside refreshments I think America is nearly as far behind the continent as we are ourselves. The permanent way of the railroads is in some places still very rough; but in the Eastern States this is now improving with the increase of traffic.

After making various arrangements, and seeing several New York friends, we started on the evening of the 22nd of May by the Pennsylvania route from New York to Denver, and found this line a well-managed one, and our Pullman "sleepers" comfortable enough. The next day we traversed some very pretty scenery in the Alleghany Mountains, after which we passed on out of Pennsylvania State, through those of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, till we reached St. Louis, on the borders of Missouri; a distance of 1,064 miles from New York, which took us about forty-six hours to perform. The States of Ohio and Pennsylvania both contain mostly undulating, well-wooded lands. We thought the soil of Illinois State (especially as we neared St. Louis) better for agricultural purposes than any we had previously seen. At the St. Louis Station we were met by my friend Mr. Wainwright, who took us (after breakfasting with him) to inspect his lager beer brewery, which we found

very interesting. He showed us through immense cellars, where the beer was kept almost iced—for lager beer will not keep as our English beer does, and must be stored in a cool temperature, which is a difficult thing to manage in a place like St. Louis, well known to be one of the hottest in this district. We tasted some of the beer, which was excellent. A tap is always kept going for the workmen, of which they avail themselves pretty freely. We went afterwards to the Corn Exchange to see the brokers gambling in corn. I saw one two years ago in Chicago, and this is managed on the same plan; a hollow is made in the middle of the floor, so that all the parties engaged can see one another. We were shown some capital Californian barley, and some beautiful white Indian corn.

We left St. Louis by 8.30 p.m. train for Denver, and changed trains next morning at Kansas City, which seemed a busy place. The station was full of emigrants, and everything about the district gave signs of life and activity. Outside the city people were camping out in tents. The country round was much wooded, the soil mostly of a dark loamy colour, though poor in places, it was, apparently, generally very fertile, and the crops seemed more forward than further east. Kansas City is on the Missouri river, and I am told that lands more than 100 miles to the west of that river are farmed at a great risk, as a drought may at any time destroy all the crops. The wheatfields of Kansas State were all in ear, the seed having been sown last September; the heads of the corn were very even throughout, but the straw short. The railroad is not fenced in, and where a road crosses the line, a post is erected with cross boards, marked "railway crossing," in order to warn the people passing by. On most other lines by which I have travelled in America, the engine driver sounds a whistle, or rings a bell at all the crossings, but here this is not done. "Look out for the cars" is another warning. The houses of the settlers here were mostly built of wood, though a few were of stone. When standing alone, a few trees were always planted round to afford shelter. Here and there was an attempt at fencing in, but the lands were generally unenclosed.

As we went further west, the country became more and more open, and cattle ranches took the place of arable land; in fact, it was really open and undulating prairie. The next morning our journey was very monotonous, being entirely over the open prairie, through bad and burnt up land; and the only excitement was when our train startled and scattered a herd of antelopes which were grazing near the track. We watched the chain of the Rocky Mountains gradually rising in the far distance, but were a little disappointed with this view of them, owing, probably, to the fact that the plateau we were traversing was in itself some 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea; and, though the mountains rise straight up from the plain, the prairie being at so great an elevation necessarily takes off from

their real height. The atmosphere here was very clear, and, on leaving the train at Denver (which we reached at 8.15 a.m.) the air struck us as remarkably light and bracing. Denver is situated quite on the open prairie, 5,314 feet above the sea, but it has a lively look and seemed a very go-ahead place. It is distant 933 miles from St. Louis, or 1,997 miles in all from New York—a journey which it had taken us two days and four nights of continuous travelling to accomplish; exclusive, of course, of one stoppage of a day at St. Louis. We purposely travelled as fast as possible over this part of our route, as we were all anxious to get at once to the Far West, and to spend there the time at our disposal;—besides this side of the States was not new to me.

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ARTICLE II.

MANITOU—SALT LAKE CITY—OGDEN WEST TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Of the railway journey between Denver and Utah, a distance of 745 miles, and again from there to California, 871 miles, total 1,616 miles; I do not here propose to say much, as I wish to reserve the greater part of this article for a short account of Salt Lake City and San Francisco, with their inhabitants. With some few exceptions, as, for instance, the lovely scenery round Manitou; the grand, though desolate, Royal Gorge of Arkansas, the beauties of Marshall's Pass, and, still more, of the Black Cañon; the country through which we passed until we reached the Pacific slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, was mostly dried-up prairie and sandy desert, and only available for agricultural purposes after much labour and extensive irrigation, such as have been bestowed on it in the Mormon territory, where the desert has certainly been converted into a garden. Until the richer lands of other parts of America are filled up, I should recommend the intending emigrant to choose one of them as his future home, rather than to attempt to start in this country. Colorado is rich in minerals; but those who meddle with mining speculations had better take care not to burn their fingers.

From Denver we went by Colorado Springs to Manitou. The latter place is very prettily situated among the lower spurs of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of about 6,124 feet above the sea, and is becoming rather a fashionable American resort. The air is very pure and good, and the climate excessively dry, and suitable for consumptive and rheumatic patients. A friend of mine who came here for his health has derived so much benefit from his stay that he told me he should always remain, for it was the only place where he had been really well. I should think that in time it must develop into a well-known sanatorium. The scenery here is beautiful, especially in the "Parcs," as some of the high valleys up in the mountains are called; they are used as hay-fields or cattle ranches; but unless they possess a stream of water, they are perfectly useless for the latter purpose.

The country between Colorado Springs and Manitou—and, again, as we continued our journey—looked utterly desolate, everything being completely dried or burnt up. This was still the case in the neighbourhood of Pueblo, which is situated on the Arkansas River, and gave me the impression of being like a Spanish or a Mexican town. It was quite different from the other American cities I have seen. The inhabitants appeared very rough and lawless; there were a great many squatters and people camping out round the town, but I am told that its population is decreasing. A magnificent cotton-tree, growing in

one of the principal thoroughfares, was being cut down, much to my horror, for it seemed a great shame to remove such a fine tree; and, apparently, some (at least) of the Pueblo citizens thought the same; for, the next day I noticed a newspaper article expostulating against its fall, and placing the news in the obituary column.

We proceeded by rail to Salt Lake City, crossing the Rocky Mountains, and passing through some very grand, though desolate, scenery in the Royal Gorge of Arkansas, and in Marshall's Pass. The latter is the highest railway-pass in America, the summit being about 10,500 feet above the sea; the gradients are very steep, and the curves sharp; the route winds round and round, and doubles over and over, in order to reach the top. During the ascent a coupling broke between our car and the one next behind; we were standing on the platform at the time, and I heard it go with a bang, which was quickly followed by a whiz and snap of the signal-cord overhead; thanks to the atmospheric break, however, the car was stopped from running down-hill. Our progress was rather delayed by an excursion train in front of us, which was taking a party of about 600 people from St. Louis to San Francisco. Their engine came to a standstill now and then; and ours broke down also, not only once, but three times. The last stoppage was in a snow-shed within a few hundred yards of the summit, which we reached two hours late. Descending on the other side, we passed through a more fertile-looking country than we had seen for some time, and, at a place called Gunnistone City, came again some lovely scenery. Later on we were agreeably surprised at entering a gorge called the Black Cañon, which I consider the finest I have ever seen; its length must be 20 or 30 miles; the rocks assume every variety of fantastic form and colouring, and trees grow luxuriantly everywhere, the latter being a most welcome change after the desolate bareness of the country through which we had previously passed. A bridge had broken down on this line a few days previously, when an engine-driver and two other men were killed. This accident accounted for the engines here being in mourning, decked with black and white ribbons. We crossed the broken bridge very slowly, but safely, about midnight.

The following morning we woke to find that we had left the Rocky Mountains behind us, and were travelling over a regular desert, where even the sage-bush could hardly grow. There was not a sign of a drop of water anywhere, except in the huge tanks kept at stated intervals for the use of the engines. I do not know whether any rain ever falls in this district; we certainly passed over many beds of dried up rivers, and once, in crossing the Green river, saw, for the moment, a little vegetation on its banks. The country had on all sides the appearance of having been the basin of a huge lake, and I decidedly could not conscientiously recommend this locality to an emigrant as a promising field for labour.

At last we arrived at Provo, about 46 miles from Salt Lake City, and near Utah Lake. It was the first Mormon settlement we had noticed, and gave signs of great industry; the cultivation being very good, with nice orchards dotted about. Irrigation certainly works wonders; for, thirty years ago, the whole of this territory was as completely a desert as that which we had just seen, of which we wearied so much. The view from Provo looking towards Utah Lake is exceedingly pretty. The lake itself (unlike its neighbour, Salt Lake) is fresh water. It is surrounded by fine mountains, some of which are snow-covered.

We reached Salt Lake City two hours late, and, after securing rooms at the Walker House Hotel, took a stroll round the city, where we found some races had been taking place, and that there were in consequence a good many roughs about. We watched all the passers-by, and speculated whether they were all Mormons; and when we saw one man accompanied by two women, and another by four, we immediately dubbed them as Mormon families out for an airing. It is easy to see which houses are inhabited by Mormons, for they always have a separate door for each lady. Ascending a hill we had a very good general view of the city; it reminded us of an Italian town; avenues of shade trees are planted along the principal thoroughfares, and the streets, which are dreadfully dusty, are too broad; each has a stream of water (brought from the hills) running down a narrow channel on one side. During our walk we came upon a party of Indians with their squaws and children; they were playing cards, and I was told are great gamblers; but they appeared very peaceable; and did not at all mind our looking on. Their skins were very dark, mahogany colour; their hair straight, long, and black; they were gaily dressed in bright coloured clothing, but did not adorn themselves with painting their faces, as the Indians of the North-West Territory do—about whom I shall have more to say hereafter. These were the first Indians we had seen, but as we travelled further west, some were usually to be noticed at nearly every station we passed.

We went to inspect the Mormon Tabernacle, which is a wooden erection, constructed to hold 12,000 people, and wonderfully built for sound. Standing at the further end we could hear a man speaking in a low whisper, and even distinguish what he said; and the sound of a pin dropping or a brush brushing a coat, is also distinctly audible. The seats are placed on an ascending scale, and are all of wood with backs. The building is not ornamental, but is simply intended to accommodate a large number of people, so that all can see and hear; which object is successfully attained. This Tabernacle is only used during the summer months; the Winter Tabernacle is of much smaller dimensions, and is built of stone and thoroughly warmed. The New Temple is a fine square block of building, now in course of construction. It is being entirely built of the finest grey granite. The work has periodically to be stopped till

more funds come in, and it will, I should think, take many years to complete, even if ever finished. The site has been very judiciously chosen, both for effect, and convenience to the citizens.

We next called upon President John Taylor (who succeeded Brigham Young), having been told that he liked seeing strangers. We were, however, informed that he was out driving, and were asked to call again. In order to occupy our time we went to see the late President's grave, and in doing so, passed the house where he used to accommodate his 18 wives. The grave, which we found in a place by itself, was merely a slab of granite with no name or inscription, surrounded by iron railings. On returning we again called on President Taylor, and in due course he came into the room to receive us. He did not look as if he had been out driving, and we were inclined to think that this had been a fiction on the part of the attendant. He was a tall, largely-made man, with big head and hands. I believe there are six Mrs. Taylors, and we were rather disappointed at not being introduced to them. The house was a good-sized one, and everything looked very comfortable. The President told us that the Mormon territory was about 600 miles long by 300 broad, and now extended into New Mexico and Arizona. The original settlers have, in most cases, moved south into Arizona, where, at a greater distance from civilization, they can better enjoy a plurality of wives without restrictions. Salt Lake City is, of course, the centre of the Government. The settlements are by no means diminishing, but, on the contrary, increasing; and more and more of the territory is, by dint of irrigation, being rapidly brought under cultivation.

After our interview with the President, we visited the Museum, which is kept by an Englishman (a Mormon), who came here in 1864. He told us he had then been one of a party of 800 emigrants; and that for the last 1,000 miles they had travelled over the prairie and desert in ox-carts and waggons, and had suffered terrible privations. Numbers of his fellow-travellers had died on the way; and, though so many years ago, he related, with an evidently keen recollection, the hardships they had undergone, and the joy and thankfulness with which they had at last sighted Salt Lake City, and its well-cultivated lands. On their arrival they had been kindly cared for and housed by the settlers, until they were able to shift for themselves. We also heard from this man how the Mormons send out their missionaries all over the world to make fresh converts and induce them to come to the Mormon territory. It must not, however, be supposed that all the settlers in Utah are of the Mormon persuasion, for there are a great many so-called "Gentiles" among them. Salt Lake City is beautifully situated at the foot of mountains, which surround it in a kind of semi-circle. Everything looks prosperous; the lands are well-stocked and irrigated, and thoroughly cultivated to the best

advantage, but I think this system of Mormonism should be abolished, indeed, it is a disgrace to a civilized country like the United States that it should be allowed. A law has, in fact, been passed, suppressing it; but when an attempt was made to put it in force, it was found that no verdict could be obtained, owing to the majority of the jury being themselves Mormons. It is often thought that each member of this persuasion may have as many wives as he pleases; but this is not the case; it is only allowed as a great favour, and each candidate for the privilege has to prove, to the satisfaction of the Elders, that his means are sufficient to support the number of wives he wishes to have.

We left Salt Lake City by the 4 p.m. train on the 31st May for Ogden; thence by the Central Pacific Railway to San Francisco. After leaving Ogden the country became poor, and the sage bush was again almost the sole occupant of the sandy soil. There was a civil darkie in our car, who told us that on the following day we should see nothing but sand and desert, and that both the windows and ventilators would have to be closed. This prospect was not cheerful; but the result, happily, did not justify our fears, for, though the next day we travelled on through the same country of sand and sage bushes, we experienced no dust, but enjoyed a beautiful cool breeze. The promised desert was certainly there, but a heavy fall of rain on the previous day had laid the dust; in fact, pools of water were to be seen all along the track. This is most unusual at this time of the year; but it was a very fortunate circumstance, for otherwise we should doubtless have been overwhelmed with the dust and heat; so we willingly forgave the darkie his false alarm. There were mountains in the distance along the whole route, which looked as if they ought to carry sheep; but probably by the end of summer every blade of grass will be burnt up. It was only here and there that we saw a patch of cultivated land.

The following notice was written on the backs of our tickets:—
 "Passengers are allowed to carry one canary each in a cage, without extra charge or fee to the baggage man or porter." In our car the following notice was posted up:—"Warning—Passengers are hereby warned against playing games of chance with strangers, or betting on three cards, monte, strap, or other games. You will surely be robbed if you do.—A. M. Towne, General Superintendent." Here is another specimen, also put up in the cars.—
 "Passengers are requested not to spit on the floor of the cars." A line of spittoons was arranged along the floor, one for every two passengers.

Just at dusk we began the ascent of the Sierra Nevadas, but of the scenery here it was impossible to see much that evening, and, as we often passed through very long snowsheds, perhaps there would not have been much to look at even in the day-time. Our darkie, by my orders, awoke me at 3.45 a.m., when we were

just passing Cape Horn, round which point, high up on the mountains, the track is laid. Ten truck-loads of cattle fell over this point last fall (i.e., autumn). Beautiful views were obtained in descending the Pacific slope of the Sierra Nevadas. The whole country seemed like an immense park or arboretum; all kinds of firs and pines, such as we grow as ornamental trees, were here flourishing luxuriantly in a wild state. Presently we passed through a fine agricultural country, where the corn crops appeared to be already fit for cutting, and in some cases the harvest had actually commenced. I found out afterwards that it generally is begun before this period, but that this had been a wet and backward season, visible evidence of which was afforded us by the swollen state of the rivers through late rains.

On reaching Benicia (the place where the "Benicia Boy," Heenan, came from, who fought Sayers some years ago in England), we crossed an arm of the bay in a huge ferry-boat, 510ft. long by 120ft. broad, which took our train, engine and all, over in two sections. We then proceeded along the other side of the bay until we arrived at Oaklands, where we left the train, and, after ten minutes on another enormous ferry-boat found ourselves in San Francisco.

The city looks well from this approach; the harbour is a magnificent one, over 40 miles long, and is surrounded on all sides by grass hills. San Francisco stands partly at their base, and partly on one of the hills. These latter look all parched or burnt up, and there are no trees or green of any description to be seen. We engaged rooms at the Palace Hotel, and then went out to leave our letters of introduction, and to make inquiries as to our future route. In the course of our rambles we had occasion to use one of the Frisco street-cars on endless ropes. These are quite a feature of the place. They are admirably constructed for going up and down hill, and their motion is very quiet and agreeable. The plan seems a simple one: two cars are joined together, and are attached to a perpetually-revolving wire-rope (placed in an open groove underground, and worked by a fixed steam-engine), by the simple process of moving a lever which grips the wire, and thus the cars are carried on until the conductor releases his hold.

On returning to the business part of the city, we accidentally came upon the Chinese quarter, which is entirely inhabited by subjects of the Celestial empire. We saw great numbers of them, but found it impossible to tell the difference between the men and the women in dress; possibly because (as we were told afterwards) they were almost all men. At almost every other window we saw individuals having their pig-tails dressed and their ears cleaned (!) —apparently a very favourite amusement of theirs. We bought a few curiosities at one of their shops, and looked into their theatre, where we promised the door-keeper we would return later in the evening. Accordingly, after supper, we set out to see the performance; it is, certainly, worth witnessing once, but once

would be quite enough, as (for a European, at any rate,) it is hard to keep up the interest. The dresses of the performers were very gorgeous, and the features of the men were partly hidden by long beards unmistakably stuck on their lower lips. There were hardly any Europeans or Americans among the audience, but the building was filled with Chinese, (the ladies being accommodated by themselves in a gallery,) and they all seemed to appreciate the performance very much. Subsequently, an offer was made by one of the employés of the theatre to show us some of the opium dens and other slums of this quarter. Had we done this we should, of course, have been accompanied by a policeman; but we declined the proposal, thinking such sights were better imagined than seen.

On the afternoon of the next day we made an expedition to Cliff House, about six miles from San Francisco, doing the distance partly by car and partly by carriage. To show the difficulty that there is in gaining any accurate information, I may mention that we were told we could not have a carriage to take us under £2, whereas the actual outing was accomplished in the end for about 1s 6d each. Cliff House is an hotel situated facing the Pacific Ocean. The interest there is centred on two or three rocks, about a quarter of a mile off, out at sea; on and about which rocks we saw scores of seals disporting themselves. They are protected by the United States Government and not allowed to be killed. There must have been between two and three hundred of them; and we were much amused at seeing them crawling about the rocks, and taking headers into the water, and at hearing their bark in the distance. From the signal station we had a good view of the "Golden Gate," as the entrance into San Francisco Bay is called; after duly admiring it, we walked across the sandhills, and, rejoining our carriage, returned to the city.

The impression left on my mind by San Francisco, is that it is a great and flourishing city, one of the best I have seen in America; but I think it has reached the height of its prosperity. While it was the port of embarkation on the Pacific, with railway communication to Chicago, New York, and the East, it enjoyed a monopoly. This advantage must now, however, cease; for the Pacific ports of the Northern Pacific Railroad, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and eventually of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, will all compete with San Francisco for trans-continental traffic. Two of these lines are already completed, and the third will also be finished in the course of a few years. It is true that as the country fills up, traffic will increase; but for the ocean trade to China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand, the ports of the new railways (at any rate those to the North) will shortly, if I am not very much mistaken, share with San Francisco a privilege that has hitherto been her's alone.

ARTICLE III.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

On the afternoon of Monday, June 4th, we left San Francisco for the Yosemite Valley, having previously accepted an offer from a Dr. Gwinn (a gentleman residing at San Francisco, to whom we had an introduction from Colonel Arbuthnot), to join us after our visit there, and take us to Los Angeles and its neighbourhood, in order that we might see the vineyards and orange groves of southern California. It was difficult to obtain information as to the best route for reaching the Yosemite; the result of our experience was, that anyone who has time to manage it, should go from San Francisco via Stockton to Milton; thence by stage to Murphys, on to the Calaveras Grove and back to Milton; then by stage again to the Yosemite; and should return by the route we took, making an expedition from Clarke's to the Mariposa Grove as we did, and, after sleeping at Madera, take the rail back to San Francisco the following morning. This plan would take a longer time and entail more staging, but there would be the advantage of entering and leaving the Yosemite Valley by different routes.

We travelled by the Central Pacific Railway to Madera, going over to Oakland by the ferry. We had thought that our railway tickets included sleepers on the car, but this we found to be a mistake; and the sleeper being full, except for one or two of the upper berths, which we wished to avoid, and the conductor and Darkie, both proving uncivil, we decided instead on sleeping at Madera (where we were timed to arrive at midnight). In consequence of our decision, the conductor took his revenge by telling us to get into the other coach; so we turned out of the Silver sleeper and went into the ordinary car, where we made ourselves fairly comfortable, and, after a tedious journey, arrived at Madera at 11.50 p.m. It was a good thing we had telegraphed on for rooms, for there was rather a crowd; but the landlord was very civil, and insisted on serving us first; and, as it was a very hot night, we congratulated ourselves on being in the hotel, rather than in the hot sleeper, now quietly shunted on a siding for the night.

We found the next morning that a great many people were bound for the Yosemite (36 passengers in all); an extra coach was put on, but, all the same, some unfortunate travellers, who came by the Southern route, were left behind at Madera, having to stay there 2 hours, waiting for the next day's coach. We set off by the second coach at 7 a.m., after going through the farce of waiting for the arrival of the Southern train, simply to tell the passengers

that the coach was full. These coaches are the property of the "Yosemite Turnpike Road Company," whose business seems badly managed, and I am told that the Company pays no dividend. The vehicles are curious-looking things, painted red; the body is like the tub of a boat with no bows, and is slung on leather straps for springs—and with good reason, for no other method could withstand the effects of the fearful jolting of these rough roads—they carry eleven passengers, the driver's seat holding two besides himself. The coachmen are excellent whips, and handle their team of four, or sometimes six horses, with wonderful ease. The roads are extremely rough, the bumping atrocious, and more thoroughly appreciable by experience than by description.

The first and second stages of our journey were uninteresting hot, and dusty, being over prairie and at the bottom of the foot hills; we then gradually ascended, and, after lunch, came across the first fine scenery of our drive during the descent to Fresno Flats, where we obtained a magnificent view of forest and mountain. From here the route gradually re-ascended, passing the whole way through beautiful natural forests of the finest timber, growing here to an immense height. Traces of forest fires were everywhere noticeable, caused in former times by the Indians, who used to burn the underwood; the larger trees are, therefore, in many cases thus accidentally injured by fire at their base. We saw some magnificent specimens of Ponderosa (pitch-pine), Lambertiana (sugar-pine), Thuja Gigantea, and other pines; also of Balsam, Californian, and Evergreen Oaks, which grow beautifully here, and in the district on the other side of Fresno Flats; there are, besides, many varieties of evergreen and flowering shrubs, especially the Manzonita plant, which is very similar to our arbutus; flowers are also to be seen in every direction, the most remarkable being the Leather-plant, and the Buck-eye. Some of the Ponderosa and Lambertiana run up to 200 or 300 feet in height; we measured one 26 feet in circumference, and this was by no means of exceptional size. A walk through this magnificent forest would have been most delightful,—though our drive was very enjoyable, notwithstanding the drawback of having to be constantly on the look-out for the horrible bumping. Our driver handled his six horses in fine style, and we went along at a great pace, soon catching up the coach next before us: but, all the same, we were an hour and a half late in reaching Clarke's Hotel, our sleeping quarters for the night. It was here that we first found out that by coming this route we were obliged to abandon all idea of seeing the Calaveras Grove, and must miss the Stockton route altogether. Of course, we did not arrive at this conclusion without much discussion and argument; but there was really no help for it, for the hotel and stage had the entire monopoly, and we could procure no other horses. The next day, therefore, we set off at 6.30 a.m., for more jolting and bumping on the coach; this time under the care of a nigger coachman, who drove well, but could not take us

as fast as we had gone on the previous day, for the road was much worse, being very narrow and bad, and carried mostly at a high elevation along the side of the mountains. The latter were all densely timbered, and the gigantic proportions of the pines and fir were much the same as those we had previously seen.

When we arrived at "Inspiration Point," seven miles from our destination, we left the coach and proceeded leisurely on foot. From here the first glimpse of the Yosemite Valley is obtained. The view was one never to be forgotten. Here we actually were at last, after years of talk, and after a journey of between 6,000 and 7,000 miles. It was a glorious sight; the bright green valley far below us, the trees looking quite small on account of the distance, the river Merced flowing along the centre; huge granite mountains running straight down on each side, 3,000 to 4,000, or even 5,000, feet—El Capitan being the most noticeable on the left from this point, and the Cathedral Rocks on the right. The Sentinel Dome was further off, and the Half Dome, Dome, and Cloud's Rest were in the greater distance. It was a magnificent sight. The granite walls could hardly hold a tree, and, though the immense masses of rock at first looked bare, the effect was relieved as the eye rested on the green of the valley below. The valley itself is 4,000 feet above the sea. We had a beautiful walk from Inspiration Point to Cooke's Hotel. During the first part of the descent we saw the "Bridal Veil" waterfall on our right, coming tumbling down in a huge mass; on our left was the "Virgin's Tears," which was mere spray by the time it touched the valley. After passing these, the Yosemite Fall itself (1,600 feet high) came into view, and before reaching it we arrived at the hotel. The whole of the valley is thickly planted with (specimen) Conifers, beautiful Ponderosa, Lambertiana, Thuja Gigantea, Balsam, &c., &c. There are also some very fine Douglas firs. We came upon the first of the latter after leaving Inspiration Point.

We reached Cooke's Hotel about 3.30 p.m., and settled to do nothing more that afternoon, but only to look at the Yosemite Fall, and the other beauties of the valley, which seemed to impress one more the more one looked at them. We found the atmosphere rather warm, and there were a good many mosquitoes about; but later in the year these troubles would, I should fancy, be far worse. Apparently, we had come at the exact time for seeing the waterfalls to perfection, especially as the season was rather a late one; in an ordinary season, the second, or even the first, week in May is said to be better; the flowers would certainly be more in bloom at that time, but still we saw a great many.

The next day we were up at 4.45 a.m., and, after breakfast, walked to the Mirror Lake to see the reflection on its surface of the mountain opposite (the Half Dome, I think) when the sun appeared over its summit. There was too much ripple on the lake, and we were rather disappointed in the result, and I said as much on being asked by an American what I thought of it.

He replied "that it was the case with many." One American, when here, said it was nothing better than "a d—d toad-pond." However, I cannot quite agree in this. The lake is small but pretty; and the immense granite mountain coming sheer down in a precipice of 5,000 feet is a sight in itself. The walk from the hotel along the flat was very pretty, by the side of the Merced River. Beautiful conifers grew in every direction—the specimens were magnificent. One remarkable thing about the Yosemite valley is, that all the trees seem to have room to grow, and it really forms one huge arboretum. Weeks could be spent in walking about examining the trees, and making occasional excursions into the mountains; but to do this properly one ought to have plenty of time, and to camp out.

The Mirror Lake is distant about three miles from Cooke's Hotel, and we continued our walk about another five miles to the Nevada Falls, the route being first along the valley on a good road, and then up a bridle path, which plunged into the forest all among loose boulders, still following the river, until we reached a trail which took us zig-zag up the mountain side. Enormous granite cliffs looked down on us on all sides, the valley was well timbered, and the scenery lovely in the extreme. A long pull up the zig-zag path took us to an upper valley, where we rejoined the river, and saw the Vernal Fall,—a beautiful waterfall, dashing down into a deep, dark gorge. We had a very fine view of it, but could not get under it, on account of the spray.

A mile above this we approached the Nevada Falls, which is quite different, not so broad, but much higher. Three-quarters of the way down it strikes on an invisible projecting rock, which sends the water up again for some little distance, only to descend a second time in an immense jumble of water and spray. I have never before seen a waterfall similar to this, and it and the Vernal Fall are both well worth a visit, the more so on account of the beautiful scenery through which they are approached. There is a good inn at the Nevada Falls, where sleeping accommodation can be procured. A view is obtained from here of Glacier Point (apparently an immense height) in the distance, on the summit of which there is also an inn, where a bed can be had. Just behind the little hotel at Nevada Falls rises the "Cap of Liberty;" from here the ascent of "Cloud's Rest" is made, half-way up which, I am told, there is a small inn. We returned to Cooke's Hotel by the same route, as far as the junction of the road to the Mirror Lake, thence following the regular road. It was a charming excursion and we all enjoyed it immensely.

The next day we set off on foot for Glacier Point at 6.15 a.m., hoping thus to accomplish the climb in the cool of the morning. The ascent commenced almost immediately, just behind the church. The track was a good one, all amongst shrubs and trees, with no boulders, but sandy and very steep. The high

mountain we were ascending sheltered us from the sun. The path went up in zig-zags, and, at each turn, we had most lovely views of the valley beneath;—first of all in the direction of Inspiration Point, and, further up, towards Mirror Lake. The higher we ascended the more beautiful the valley looked, with the Merced River flowing along the centre, pinetrees of immense size and grandeur, each standing out separately as if purposely thinned out, or like specimens in an arboretum; and the little fields by the side of the river forming patches of green, which relieved the eye after gazing at the desolation of rock above. After a steep climb of an hour and a half we came to a little flagstaff, where we halted for a short rest, and meanwhile admired the view, which was really a charming one. The pines appeared to grow out of the solid rock, each tree, whether young or old, being of wonderful growth and vigour, but not of such enormous size as those we had seen on our drive from Madera to Clarke's and the Yosemite. On leaving our flagstaff rest we continued our ascent, but now out in the open, among mountain plants, with no shelter either from rocks or trees. We still enjoyed the same beautiful views of the valley beneath us, but at this elevation we could see over the tops of the cliffs which formed its sides, and found that round-headed mountains constituted the general character of the Sierra Nevada range, and that the peaks, which we had seen from below, were only variations here and there. At a distance of three-quarters of a mile from Glacier Point we again entered the forest, and saw some more magnificent specimens of the fir tribe—Douglas, Lambertiana, Lasiocarpa, Ponderosa, &c., &c.

On reaching Glacier Point (a hut built on the edge of a precipice some 3,000 feet deep) we had a splendid view of the Sierra Nevadas, and also up the Little Yosemite Valley; having now turned our backs on the Yosemite Valley itself. Before us lay an enormous section of the mountain range, with the Vernal Fall right in front of us, and the Nevada Falls (which we had visited the previous day), higher up on the same river. There was hardly a blade of grass to be seen; but all was one immense mass of granite mountain and valley, with fir trees distributed in forests and groups here and there. The timber did not look very fine, but then it was some distance off; and, besides, as its foothold appeared to be nothing but rock, this was, perhaps, not surprising. The view was so entirely different from what we had left behind, when we turned from the Yosemite, that the contrast was very remarkable.

It took us two hours and fifty minutes to reach Glacier Point from Cooke's Hotel, and the walk well repaid us, for it was beautiful in the extreme. Not only are the views very fine, but every tree is a specimen, although not so large as those in other parts. By climbing to this height also we obtained a view of the wonderful treeless mountains—El Capitan, the Dome, Half Dome, the Cap of Liberty, &c. We also saw in the distance

what in this part are called snow-capped mountains; but in every case the rock was creeping through, and in another six weeks' time I do not believe any snow would be found on them at all. From Glacier Point we had a most wonderful view of the Half Dome; an immense granite mountain rising straight up like a round-headed Dolomite, and then split in two; one side being rounded down smooth, the other being a straight perpendicular precipice of say 2,000 feet. This Half Dome divides the two valleys of the Little Yosemite and the Yosemite Valley proper. Looking down, as we did now, upon the Mirror Lake from a height of about 4,000 feet, the Yankee's expression, comparing it to a toad-pond, recurred to my mind, and, certainly, from this distance, it looked a very insignificant patch of water. I ought to have mentioned before that the Yosemite Fall was visible during nearly the whole of our ascent, and besides this we had also a view of the Little Yosemite Fall (a continuation of the other), which does not show to advantage from the valley below; they can only be properly seen together whilst ascending the opposite side of the valley. The Yosemite is, I think, the best of these waterfalls, but they are all most beautiful.

After a short rest at Glacier Point we started off for the Sentinel Dome, having to ascend again through the forest, where we saw some magnificent trees, amongst which we especially noticed some Douglas Firs. At first we mistook the trail (foot-path) and got on to the wrong mountain; but, on seeing the Sentinel Dome in the distance (a barren granite rock with one fir tree on the summit), we made for it, and were well rewarded for doing so, for we had a glorious view all round. On the one side were the Yosemite Falls and Valley; on the other the Nevada Falls, with the Vernal Fall below; mountains all round, and a splendid panorama of the Sierra Nevadas. In one direction were fir trees growing out of rocks half covered with snow—quite a wintry scene; in another, we looked right down into the valley towards Milton, a deep blue haze increasing the beauty of the view. Again, in another direction, we saw the wonderful Half Dome, the Cap of Liberty, Cloud's Rest, &c., &c. No panorama could be better; it was quite different from anything I have seen in Europe; the mountains here have a character of their own, and everything looks desolate and cold, for there are no patches of green grass to relieve the immensity of the grey granite cliffs—in fact, there is no green except the interminable dark pines; which, though beautiful when taken individually, give the effect of dreary sombre masses when seen from a distance. During the descent from the Sentinel Dome we again lost the trail, and were nearly an hour before regaining it. When one loses one's way in a forest like this, there is some difficulty in finding it again, but we could have retraced our steps to the Sentinel Dome, although for the moment we had lost sight of it. On returning to Glacier Point we stayed there another couple of hours, and the view struck us even more on this second

visit. We also went to "The Point," which is situated at the head of a sheer precipice of nearly 4,000 feet. The scene from here was more wonderful and beautiful than I can describe. embracing, as it did, the whole of the Yosemite Valley right and left; the centre of the Valley, far down below, being overhung by a dark blue haze, which added much to the effect. Unlike the higher grounds of the Sierra Nevadas, the Valley itself looked perfection, with the blue Merced River flowing through it from end to end, and gradually widening as the different waterfalls it passed helped to increase the volume of water; with patches of green fields here and there, and almost every tree appearing to stand out singly as a specimen. This view from "The Point" (the real Glacier Point) must be one of the finest of its kind that the world can produce, combining mountain, valley, and water scenery. The deep blue haze was very remarkable, and I fancy must be peculiar to these valleys after mid-day.

An Englishman, whose acquaintance we had previously formed, joined us here, and together we slowly began the descent, being very reluctant to return to the hot valley after the beautiful mountain breezes we had been enjoying. On the way we cut some manzanita walking sticks; but it is difficult to procure good ones. Further down I noticed something stirring in the brushwood, and called out that it was a young bear, and, on tracking it, the footprints confirmed my belief. A bear had been killed in this neighbourhood on the previous day, and I expect, as this was a small one, that it was one of the cubs. The view from half way down, about 1,000 or 1,500 feet above the valley, was again most striking, each giant tree appearing as if planted on purpose, and the whole place conveying the idea of one huge arboretum. Lower down, the path seemed to wind through an enormous rockery, with trees and shrubs, on each side above and below, placed as though carefully planted for effect. Everything was beautiful, and it reminded one of a rockery adjoining an Italian villa; but here no human hand had created the loveliness—it was all perfectly natural. This expedition occupied altogether about eleven hours, and was the best and pleasantest we had hitherto made.

The trees which grow the most luxuriantly on these mountains and in this valley are—*Ponderosa*, *Lambertiana*, *Nobilis*, *Grandis*, *Douglas*, *Mabilis*, *Contorta*, *Tamara*, *Monticola*, *Balsam*, and *Thuja Gigantea*,—the latter is very similar to, if not the same as, *Libro Cedrus Decurrens*. Curiously enough, the *Wellingtonias* are not scattered among other trees over the mountains, but grow only in patches, viz.: in the Fresno, Mariposa, and Calaveras groves, and one or two other places. It must be understood that almost every tree is what we should call a "specimen," running up from 30 to 250 feet high. Besides these trees the American and Evergreen Oaks grow to perfection all through this country, attaining to magnificent dimensions.

The beauty of the climate here is a great advantage in travelling, for it is always bright and fine at this time of year, and a rainy day is never thought of,—so much so that people were astonished at our having umbrellas with us;—these necessary appendages to European travelling being here regarded as quite useless. Owing to the dryness of the atmosphere the heat does not seem excessive—though the thermometer it often at 96° in the shade. There are some rattlesnakes about, for which one must be on the look out; but the chief drawback for pedestrian expeditions is the dust and dry sand, with which the paths are inches deep. One great advantage in the Yosemite Valley is that all the sights are free—an agreeable contrast to Niagara, where one has to pay a dollar (4s) at every turn and at each point of view. Of course, living, &c., is very dear; but, dear or cheap, the Yosemite ought to be visited; for it is a wonderful and beautiful sight, of which no description can really give any adequate idea; but, once seen, its splendid views and waterfalls and magnificent timber would form a life-long reminiscence.

ARTICLE IV.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

We left the Yosemite Valley at 6.30 a.m. on June 9th, by coach for Clarke's Hotel, returning by the same way by which we had come along the valley. We took our last look at the Yosemite from Inspiration Point, and the view impressed us quite as much as it had done before, and must be reckoned as one of the most perfect the world can produce. On stopping to change horses, we were invited to eat bear, and found on enquiry that the animal which we had heard had been killed in the neighbourhood was the particular bear in question, and had fallen by the hand of a determined, dirty-looking fellow whom we now saw standing over its skin. The latter was neatly pegged out on the ground, undergoing the process of being preserved. The man told us that while he had been out after horses, he had met a black bear, which "frothed in his face," and, he believed, intended to attack him, although he never before knew an instance of a bear turning upon a man without provocation. Anyhow he had let off his rifle and wounded him, and then, managing to get away and fetch his dogs, soon dispatched him. The meat was not bad to the taste; rather like beef; but very tough, and difficult to swallow, even with the help of potatoes and water. There was another man in the hut—a savage-looking fellow, who must either have been half-starved, or else was very much devoted to bear's meat, judging from the manner in which he was devouring it. Our host was very hospitable, but had a peculiar manner, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by a fact I afterwards discovered, viz., that a 25 gallon cask of whiskey had arrived at the hut on the previous day.

From Clarke's Hotel we visited the Mariposa Grove of Wellingtonias, of which space forbids me to say anything here; and the following morning (June 10th) we started off again by coach at 6.30 a.m. for Madera station. It was a very hot day; at 9.20 the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade, and, later on, the heat increased, and the dust was dreadful. It was altogether one of the hottest and dustiest days we had as yet experienced.

The route from Clarke's to Fresno Flats, 27 miles, is one immense forest; it is all free, so that anyone who desires may come and cut down a tree and take it away without charge. The monarchs of the forest are fortunately so large that they are considered almost worthless; the extra trouble in converting them is thus their safeguard, and the smaller trees are those that first of all fall to the woodman's axe. Signs of the pioneer were here and there visible, and the secluded approach to the

Yosemite is already being viewed as a source of future gain. Occasionally a hammock might be seen slung between two trees; and the dog and rifle filling in the picture were tokens of some squatter's location. A dense mass of smoke was another sign that the work of destruction had commenced, and that a section of ground was being cleared. The emigrant cuts down, in the first instance, what timber he requires for fencing, and for building his house; and then proceeds to burn the remainder, and, in many cases, he burns, not only his own trees, but the adjoining ones. Timber is regarded as such useless lumber that no one thinks of complaining, but it is no easy matter to stop a forest fire when once started. We passed through two or three of these so-called clearings—smoke, fire, and all, but they were in a half-extinguished state. The forest pioneers of this part of California are hardly, experienced backwoodsmen, and it is no place for a young hand to try his fortunes. Clearing a section of forest is an expensive and arduous task; and what is now being done in the Sierra Nevada mountain forests will not bring in a great return in point of farming. All this district, now so remote from railway communication, will doubtless eventually be opened up; and then these magnificent forests will become a source of wealth to the timber trade, whereas now the expense of hauling and conversion is their great safeguard.

We traversed the same road as on the previous Tuesday; the only difference being, that, instead of ascending, we were gradually descending; and that we were bound to catch a train—the 6.7 p.m. from Madera to Los Angeles. Our driver knew this, and I must say that he showed himself to be equal to the occasion, and an excellent whip; especially once when he took us down the side of a mountain, in beautiful style, at the rate of 14 miles an hour. He had a team of six horses, and the run down was about five miles; the road a good grade, but with some very sudden bends and turns, and extremely narrow (only just room to pass along); the outer side also was not in the best of repair. Besides this there were, in many places, on the inner side, sharp projecting rocks, which would have made it rather awkward for us had a wheel touched them. The man commenced humming a tune at the top of the incline, and did not stop it till we had reached the bottom; during the whole time he worked his team with voice, hand, and foot—the right foot having command of the break. Not a mistake was made by horse or man, and it seemed to us a wonderful feat of driving, especially considering the pace at which we went. I occupied the outside seat on the box, with one of my friends next me; and we had sometimes to hold on with both hands to avoid being jerked off the coach. These Californian roads are abominably rough, for they are not stoned, only cut out, and no trouble is taken to remove projecting rocks, so that these, combined with the ruts, make the bumping one has to undergo very unpleasant at times, as we found to our cost during our drive to the Yosemite and back.

Whilst on the drive to Madera we formed the acquaintance of two American farmers from the State of Iowa. They were intelligent men, and had come out to the far, far west to see the state of the country. But they did not seem as satisfied with California as they had expected to be, and much preferred their own State of Iowa as a wheat-producing country, though they were much struck with the orange groves of Southern California. There can, however, be no doubt that there is a field for labour in this country, and at a high rate of wages; but the two seasons (only the dry and the wet) and the mixture of races—Mexican and Chinese being employed—are drawbacks to recommending a British workman to seek his home so far from Europe, when other openings, without these disadvantages, can be found nearer home. So far as California as a wheat-growing State is concerned, I am of opinion that its best days are over, now that there is so much competition elsewhere, but I believe it has a great future before it as a vine-growing and orange-producing district.

When it came to the last stage, it was evident that our chance of catching the train at Madera (twelve miles off) was a very doubtful one; but the remainder of the journey was over prairie, and our two coaches both went at full gallop, keeping a little distance apart, so as to avoid the dust. About a mile from Madera there was a cry of "the driver's hat," for the latter had been blown off, and was seen making the best of its way through clouds of sand and dust. It was, however, secured by one of our party after a considerable run. The dust raised by our two galloping coaches was tremendous; and, in addition to this, when we were about three miles from Madera, a blizzard (or sand-storm) set in, which was anything but pleasant. However, the pace answered, and, soon after six o'clock, we galloped into Madera Station to find the train already there, with Dr. Gwyn, who had come all the way from San Francisco to meet us, anxiously looking out for us. He said they had all given us up as too late for the train, and had this really been the case it would have been excessively inconvenient and annoying both to him and to us; but, happily, a "miss is as good as a mile," so we jumped into the cars, and presently set to work to have a good wash and brush, and to get ourselves "fixed up" generally—for, of course, we were in a dreadful mess, and quite covered with dust and sand.

The blizzard continued for some time after we were in the train, blinding everything, and obliging us to have all the windows and ventilators closed. This part of California is difficult to irrigate, and the country looked much more burnt up than it had done the previous week, and the flowers appeared withered. The next morning we passed on through the same burnt-up country; quite different from what I had expected to see in this part, for I had thought to find good land the whole way from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Nearer the Pacific

coast it may be better, but that is twenty miles or more to the westward.

We arrived at Los Angeles at 7.55 a.m., and were met at the Depôt (station) by Mr. Shorb, of San Gabriel, with whom we adjourned to breakfast, at which we were joined by the Mayor. Contrary to our expectations, Los Angeles was not at all a pretty place; it seemed very Spanish in its aspect and manners. After breakfast we started off, accompanied by Dr. Gwyn, Mr. Shorb, and the Mayor, in a carriage and four, to see the vineyards of San Gabriel. On our arrival at one of these, we were taken over an extensive range of new buildings just put up, and then had to taste all the wines, of which we thought the best were port and Angelica. Afterwards we drove through the vineyard, and then on through others, until we reached Mr. Shorb's house, where we were regaled with cake and mint-julep. The latter is a compound of whisky, sugar, water, and ice, and is a nice cooling drink. As we had hardly tasted anything but water for the three previous weeks, this visit to the vineyards made rather a difference in our mode of living. After a short rest we drove on to call on a Mr. Rose, and see his vineyard and orangery; and also his stud of horses, which are very good. The vineyard appeared to be in excellent order, and the crop of oranges and lemons very abundant. Great quantities of these latter fruits are produced in this country; they are sold here at the rate of 1 dollar 50 cents per box of about 120 oranges. We noticed a great many pomegranate trees in bloom; it is a very pretty shrub with a red flower (often double), and some of the hedges were formed of it.

Later on we continued our drive to the Sierra Madra Villa, where we were to pass the night. It was such a pretty place, completely surrounded by vineyards and orange and lemon groves; with large bushes of geranium (six feet high), growing in the garden and grounds. This place (an hotel) is 15 miles from Los Angeles, and is situated 1,800 feet above the sea, on a slope of the Sierra Madra Mountains. We had very nice rooms, and I was glad of a little rest; and, with a cigar and armchair, and my feet well out of my bedroom window, succeeded in making myself very comfortable, enjoying meanwhile the beautiful view towards the Pacific Ocean, of which, though 25 miles distant, we could here obtain a glimpse. The climate in these parts is delightful; this evening there was a nice breeze, and it was not at all too warm. There was a slight fall of rain to-day—a most unusual occurrence at this season of the year, for Dr. Gwyn told us that, during his 35 years' experience, he had never before known it happen at this season. We had a very pleasant day, and I am very glad to have seen this southern part of California. Where water can be obtained for irrigation, it is a luxuriant country. The drive of ten or twelve miles from Los Angeles to the San Gabriel wine manufactory is mostly over prairie, and uninteresting in point of scenery; but the view from the Sierra Madra Villa is

decidedly good, though not very remarkable; a plain in the foreground studded with orange groves and vineyards, and low mountains right and left. A great many invalids come here as a health resort during the winter (from October to April), on account of the dryness of the soil and the pleasant climate. There are some rattle-snakes about, which is a drawback. Chinese and Mexican workmen are a good deal employed here; we saw six of the former engaged in filling a cart on our arrival at the villa. The following notice was put up outside a saloon on the Southern Pacific Railway, at a station-house called Lang, which we passed this morning:—"Eating House," "Good You Bet." In Los Angeles I saw a tradesman playing a customer over the counter for cigars, double or quits, I suppose.

When I awoke the following morning, the birds in the orange groves were singing merrily; and after breakfast we went out to pick and eat some of the fruit, for oranges are never so nice as when one plucks them for oneself. While thus occupied, I noticed a large geranium bush, growing almost wild, the topmost flower of which was as high as my head. About 11.30 we reluctantly left the Sierra Madra Villa, and its pleasant quiet, and set off in a two-horse buggy, in the charge of the clerk from the hotel, who was to take us for a drive, and land us at Mr Shorb's (our host of yesterday) in time for luncheon. We went with him to see various vineries, and then to a large scattered village called Pasadena. Nine years ago there was not a house in the place; it is now divided into lots of five acres and upwards, and a very thriving community is arising; nearly every house has its orange grove and vineyard. There is no saloon (or public house) in the place, and all the people, by mutual consent, (are supposed to) drink water only. Houses are being rapidly built, and I saw a large hotel in course of construction; on the whole I take Pasadena to be a place with a future before it,—partly on account of its climate, which will make it a winter resort for invalids. On our arrival at Mr Shorb's house about 1.30, we were immediately presented with a mint-julep; this was quickly followed by luncheon, which was a feast, indeed. We were waited upon by a Chinese, but whether man or woman we could not make out. It was a splendid entertainment, with all sorts of Californian wines, and champagne, to finish up with. After luncheon we drove to San Gabriel Station, where we said good-bye to Mr Shorb and returned to Los Angeles, and there caught the train to San Francisco, in which we procured sleepers, Dr. Gwyn still accompanying us.

The drawback to the Los Angeles district, and to other parts of California, appears to be the difficulty of getting water for purposes of irrigation. Fuel is also scarce; but, of course, in such a warm climate, comparatively little is required, and wood is a good deal used. The country is, however, very bare of trees for fuel, a great deal having been already cut down; but I saw some groves of Eucalyptus being planted, which shows that the inhabi-

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tants have an eye to the future. I was told that soft coal, brought from Australia, costs as much as 10 dollars (£?) per ton. There are a great many tropical plants growing near San Gabriel; and I hear that in April, and the beginning of May, the fields are covered with masses of beautiful wild flowers. English walnut trees thrive well here, and a great many are being planted; fig-trees of large size grow in the fields; and currant and gooseberry bushes and almond trees abound. Cherries are just being imported, and, as far as they have been tried, do well. Very pretty avenues are formed of the pepper-tree, it being both shady and handsome in its growth. Chinese and Mexicans are the gardeners, and do the grape-pruning, and indeed all the work—even to selling vegetables to the natives, instead of the latter growing them for themselves. I am told that this mixture of races in labour is freely employed; otherwise one might have thought it rather objectionable. The next morning we passed through a dreary country, sadly in want of water and rain. At Merced, where we breakfasted, we came across the two men we had seen in the Yosemite, driving a large car covered with placards, and who had told us that their object in travelling in such a way was "to run an advertisement."

We reached San Francisco at 2.30 p.m., having passed Bay Point at 12.30, at which place Dr Gwyn's son has an estate of 2,000 or 2,500 acres. This place Dr Gwyn had asked us to visit; so, accordingly, on the following day, we left the Central Pacific Station at 9.30 a.m., and on reaching Bay Point were met by Mr. Gwyn, jun., and taken by him for a drive through vast corn-fields, one being as large as 640 acres, or a square mile. The Californian crop does not appear to me to be larger, in point of bushels to the acre, than in England, but the great advantage they have over us is that there is no uncertainty as to fine weather for harvest; the only doubt is whether or not there will be a sufficient quantity of rain after the seed is planted, and, as far as I could gather, there is a failure in this respect about once in six or seven years. As regards the harvest operations, the grain is thrashed and bagged in the fields, the sacks remaining there, or alongside the railway track, until fetched away by the cars; for, as there is no fear of any rain, it is unnecessary to place them under cover, or to house them in granaries. The straw is either burnt or turned in, and if there are cattle on the ranche, of course what is required for them is kept. Different machinery is used for cutting the wheat; one machine is a "header"—i.e., just takes off the heads; another is a very clever one, and heads, stacks, and thrashes the corn, and puts it into stacks, all by the same process. What is called "hay" in this country is really oats, barley, or wheat cut when green, and, after being left for a short time in the field to dry, stored in a barn for use. The straw with the grain left in it is freely eaten by the horses. These latter are of a superior breed, and go along at a good pace; both they and the live stock generally

looked well and healthy, so sleek and fat and in good condition. In the afternoon we had a long drive through rapidly ripened cornfields, until we really began to grow tired of the golden mass. The harvest was rather backward this year—it generally commences at the end of May or early in June. The corn-farms are called "ranches," and a grass farm is distinguished as a "cattle ranche." After taking leave of Mr. Gwyn, we crossed in the steam ferry to Benecia, and returned by rail to San Francisco.

ARTICLE V.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BEFORE proceeding to say anything about British Columbia, perhaps a few words on American Hotels may not come amiss here. The Palace Hotel, at which we stayed when at San Francisco, was a magnificent place, with 1,000 bedrooms; my room there was No. 500 on the 4th floor. This was the largest Hotel we stayed at, but they are often on the same sort of scale. They are usually built with a spacious hall (which, as a rule is paved with black and white marble); this is used as sitting and smoking room; in it are generally a telegraph and a railway ticket office, a book stall, a cigar store, and a bar and barber's shop adjoining. The staircases are sometimes of marble; the dining saloons and drawing rooms are very fine rooms, and there is always a side entrance for ladies. The bedrooms, as a rule, are well furnished, with comfortable beds, and clean well-aired sheets. Several of the hotels have capital bath-rooms; and in many cases they are attached to the bedrooms.

With few exceptions all the attendants are blacks, and though I am told that they make good hotel servants, and are in consequence much sought after, yet, when the first novelty had worn off, I should much have preferred having my bell answered by a white man. At the door of the dining saloon stands a head-man to shew you to your place, also a nigger to take your hat. I was surprised to see the way one was shown day after day, to the exact seat one had occupied from the first; and also how the nigger outside would single out the right hat out of a collection of perhaps 200, without ever making a mistake.

The hotels are conducted either on the European or on the American system. Of the former I need not say much here;—the rooms are invariably dear, and the food at the restaurant is also expensive for a single traveller, because one portion is enough for two or three persons, and so the price is naturally high;—but two or three people travelling together would find more economy in the European than the American plan. The hotels which I have visited conducted on the former system were the best, and I prefer it in every way; but, doubtless, for a person making a home of an hotel, the American plan may answer well, as it is virtually boarding at so much a day. In either case wines are very dear; the Americans drink milk or water with their meals.

The American system is to have board and lodging at an hotel at so much per diem; many Americans make the hotel itself their home, and even people with private establishments

often come there for their food, in which case they are charged so much a meal. Speaking as a traveller, I found the charges vary from 3 to 5 dollars (12s to 20s) a day, and I must confess that I do not like the system.

On arrival at the hotel, a guest-book is presented to you, in which you write down, or "register" your name; you are then given a key, and taken up in a lift to your room. The hours for meals vary in different localities; as a rule breakfast is from 6 to 10 o'clock; dinner from 1 to 3; tea 5 to 8; and supper from 8 to 12; if you do not manage to get your meals within these hours (which in travelling is often inconvenient) you are shut out, and must either wait for the next meal, or, if you venture to order anything to your room, you are charged an exorbitant price. In the majority of the hotels the food is indifferent. A menu is given you from which you make a selection, and then the whole of your dinner is put on the table at once, in a quantity of little dishes about five inches by three; and, of course, half the things get cold long before they are wanted. The meat is often tough and bad; and I found as a rule that ham and eggs, and omelette, with coffee, were the best things to ask for. Excellent iced water is always provided. On leaving, you are not given a regular bill; sometimes you are only told what you have to pay, sometimes you are given a slip of paper, on which the whole amount is put down in a lump sum. If you think it too dear, and expostulate, you are invariably told that is the rule, and that those are the charges. I often thought $1\frac{1}{2}$ or $1\frac{1}{3}$ day was included in our day's bill, but on further experience, I found that the custom was to divide the days into quarters, therefore, if one registered one's name in the guest-book at 2 p.m. (having had luncheon previous to arrival) and left the hotel the next morning at 8.30 a.m. one was charged the whole day, including the 1 p.m. dinner. I asked a Yankee "Commercial" how he in his profession avoided this arbitrary rule, and he told me what he did was to register late in the evening and give up his room every morning if it was necessary for him to stay in a place more than a day, and then to register again in the evening. And by this means he paid for half a day, or at the outside three-quarters of a day, instead of a whole. It is unnecessary to explain the inconvenience of this plan, and the extra and needless expense involved. Thus it will be seen that one pays the same whether one partakes of the meals or not, and that if out on a day's excursion no difference is made in the charges.

I found American travelling more expensive than anything I have before experienced, except in Russia; and this is due to the hotel tariffs, for the railway travelling is not dear. At most hotels all the officials treat you with great unconcern; and in all cases you must look out for yourself, for you are viewed more as receiving a favour by becoming an inmate, than as conferring one by your custom. If you ask a question at the office, you get

the shortest possible reply, and have to word it as if addressing a great man instead of the office clerk, and you must await his pleasure, in listening to you. But I must say in the event of asking for local information you invariably receive attention, and it is willingly and kindly given. There is one convenience as regards letters; there is a small box attached to the place where you hang up your bedroom key at the office; in this letters or telegrams for you are put on arrival, so that you can ascertain for yourself whether there is anything for you without always having to ask the question.

Although, as a European, I do not care about the American hotel system, still there is much to be said in its favour for Americans themselves, and I quite acknowledge that our cousins from across the Atlantic must have much to find fault with in our system in England.

One great thing in American travelling is that tourists are not a part of the system,—one is treated by Americans fairly, as one of themselves, and there is no such thing as two prices, one for Americans and one for strangers. Where a European pays highly, Americans would pay highly also (a very usual occurrence), and although when first travelling in America one feels alarmed at the little one gets in exchange for a dollar, one soon becomes accustomed to it, especially when one sees how Americans themselves fare in this respect. Europeans are, I should say, as a rule, allotted the best available accommodation at an hotel, and in this respect they are certainly treated with kindness and attention.

On Friday, June 15th, we left San Francisco for Victoria, British Columbia, by the s.s. *Dakota*, a steady old vessel of about 3,000 tons, somewhat of a tub, and certainly not fast, as she took from 2 p.m. on the Friday till about 11 p.m. on the Monday to run 756 miles. On reaching Cape Flattery (when we saw British Columbia for the first time), to enter the straits of San Juan, the view was very good indeed. The straits are eleven miles broad;—on our left lay Vancouver Island, British territory, its mountains completely covered with forest from summit to base; on our right was Washington Territory, which here appeared also to be one mass of forest coming right down to the water's edge;—and before us lay the snow-covered range of the Olympian Mountains;—the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and Cape Flattery Lighthouse in the foreground, standing on a grassy knoll, with dark caves beneath, completed the picture.

The town of Victoria struck us as very English, the streets rather untidy, with grass growing, excepting in the main streets, on the side walks; and everything so nice and green, such a difference to burnt-up California. Each house in the suburbs appeared to have a flower-garden attached, reminding me in this of Jersey or Guernsey towns. We made several enjoyable expeditions from Victoria to Esquimont, Cowichan, and Saanwich; to New Westminster and up the Fraser River to Yale, and on beyond to

Boston Bar; also to Burrard's Inlet, English Bay, &c. The excursion to English Bay, on the mainland, was a very interesting one; we drove first through dense forest, passing magnificent timber from 150 to 250 feet in height; meanwhile travelling over what is called a corduroy road (made of logs of wood placed crossways with a little sand on the top) to a place called Granville. From here we set out to walk the remainder of the distance, along an Indian trail, which, as we soon plunged into what seemed to us the thickest of forests, we speedily discovered to be very difficult to find or see. There had been some rain during the morning, and the result was, that between the drip from the trees and the wet fern and underwood, we soon were drenched; trudging along as we did through this wonderfully dense forest for about three miles. It is impossible to describe how beautiful it was, in its entirely natural and luxuriant growth; numbers of the trees and old stumps were quite covered with moss ferns, hanging mosses, and creepers. These, and many plants of whose names I am ignorant, grew in every direction, forming quite a fairy-like scene. The timber was also magnificent, especially the Douglas Fir, Hemlock Spruce, and Thuja Gigantea, and the foliage most luxuriant. We had great difficulty in finding our path, and almost as much in forcing our way through the mass of undergrowth, for the fern-leaves at times were some feet above our heads.

On reaching the end of the trail we found an Indian digging potatoes in his garden, assisted by his squaw, and made arrangements with him to take us on in his canoe to English Bay. It was a small-sized one, and we had but just room to lie down in the bottom, and could only move sufficiently to strike a match with great care. The Indian managed his craft from the stern, by means of a single paddle, with which he both propelled and steered it. These canoes are made out of a single trunk of the Thuja Gigantea, and are either hollowed out with an axe or burnt out. They are, therefore, rather crank, but the Indians manage them admirably. Upon our leaving the canoe I gave the Indian a cigar, and offered him a light from my own. He immediately seized it, and was going to transfer it bodily to his own mouth. But I just succeeded in rescuing it in time, for which I was rewarded with a hideous grin from ear to ear.

English Bay is mentioned as a possible terminus for the Canadian Pacific Railway, in case Port Moody on Burrard's Inlet should have to be abandoned for this purpose. From what we saw of it, however, we thought great expense would have to be incurred here in building a breakwater, and that upon the whole a place called Coal Harbour, (which is also spoken of) was more suitable, were it not for the additional cost of bringing the line on fifteen miles beyond Port Moody, which is at present the recognised terminus. Port Moody is beautifully situated at the head of Burrard's Inlet, and, being completely land-locked, the water is almost

always perfectly calm; its average depth is about ninety feet, and it is of considerable depth close to the shore, for vessels of twenty-six feet draw can go up to the new wharf. At present it consists of only about half-a-dozen wooden houses, but others are in course of erection, and should the terminus be really here, a good sized city will immediately spring up. The weather last winter was very severe, and a portion of Burrard's Inlet was frozen over for a short time; this is the reason given for a possible change of terminus.

We had another charming expedition from Victoria to New Westminster, which is situated on the mainland of British Columbia. The scenery was quite fascinating as we steamed along the Sound, and made our way through a quantity of beautiful islands, and then through Kuper Pass into the Strait of Georgia, and so on up the Fraser River, the scenery of which is at first uninteresting, but soon improves. The site chosen for New Westminster seems an admirable one, but as yet the town is only one quarter built, and the trees behind it have been damaged to such an extent by forest fires that nothing but bare poles were to be seen. We continued our journey up the river by steamer, and were soon in the midst of beautiful mountain scenery, which rose up on each side of the river, many of the summits being partly snow-covered; the foreground was filled up by forests, which came down to the water's edge. We saw signs of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway on our left in ascending the river, and crowds of Chinese and Indians at work on the line; about 8,000 are employed. Gradually the scenery became more and more beautiful, the river was very wide and swift, but muddy; the mountain spurs on each side were about one and a half to two miles apart, thus leaving a considerable quantity of flat land between, which looked good soil, only it was too thickly covered with trees. The nearer hills appeared to be very steep, the higher and more rocky mountains rose behind them, and their shapes were splendid, most of them had snow in patches, but few were really snow-capped as in Switzerland. On arriving at Yale (which was a pretty, but rather a miserable sort of place), Mr. Onderdonk, the contractor for this portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, most kindly placed an engine and car at our disposal to take us the following morning thirty-two miles further on along the completed railway track. He could not lend us the engine during working hours, so he named the early hour of three a.m. for our start. The offer was too good to refuse, so we accepted it, and were up at two a.m., and, after a hasty breakfast of dry bread and cold water, we were off punctually at the time named. At first we went through beautiful scenery, but by degrees it became less varied, with trees of a smaller growth than those we had previously seen. The river narrows, and rushes past at a tremendous rate, particularly at a place called "Hell's Gate," where it contracts to quite a narrow channel, two cliffs projecting on either side

opening to allow of the passage of the water. The line ran along the left bank of the river (the Fraser), and was sometimes unpleasantly near it; a considerable portion of the track was cut out of the rock, and in many places there were heaps of overhanging *debris*, which ought to be removed. The curves were rather sharp, and there were a great many wooden bridges and a succession of short tunnels—fourteen of the latter in as many miles. Near a place called Boston Bar, 40,000 people at one time, were seeking gold in the bed of the river, during the gold mania of 1862, finding it among the sand left dry when the river was low. Even now people make a considerable income by washing; and I was told that several of the Indians, when they wanted money, simply went to the river, and washed till they found enough gold to support them. This sand is old *debris* which has accumulated in the course of ages, having been washed down from the mountains, which mountains contain a great deal of gold. When we reached the end of the completed track the engine reversed, and we returned to Yale after a most enjoyable trip. But it would be impossible here to enter into details of all our excursions. Cowichan on Vancouver Island was a very pretty place, and had a "settled" appearance; it is, I should think, one of the best and most prosperous farming settlements we saw. We were also interested in a trip north to Nanaimo and to Departure Bay, which is the great coaling station for the whole of the Pacific Coast.

Whilst we were in British Columbia we did some land-prospecting on our own account; this gave us an opportunity of seeing some of the most beautiful portions of Vancouver Island; and we were thus brought in contact with some of the inhabitants, from whom we obtained both useful and valuable information. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of the settlers; they received us always with a warm welcome, and were anxious to give us what information they could; and in the majority of cases, were ready to enter into a bargain to sell their own holdings for a handsome consideration—supposing we were willing to buy. But land is absurdly dear at present, for there are such great expectations of the "boom" which will follow upon the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and also of the island railway from Nanaimo to Victoria, that the prices asked are usually very high. The present race of settlers are mostly men who have taken up Government lots at about one dollar per acre, and the greater part of them are miners who made money at the gold washings on the Fraser River, or at Cariboo. They are, as a rule, happy and contented; but perhaps this is brought about less by their success as farmers than by the excellence of the climate. One and all, whatever other complaints there might be, always wound up by saying that British Columbia enjoyed the finest climate in the world, and that this in itself made them contented and happy.

One day, as we were wandering in a forest, land-prospecting

with a settler (a farmer), we noticed at the base of a huge Douglas pine a little wooden cabin made of a cross-stick on two poles, with strong strips of bark leaning against them to form two sides. There was but just room for a man to crawl underneath; nevertheless, in this the owner had lived, summer and winter, for twelve years; on his own holding of about a hundred acres, which he had not attempted to cultivate further than by cutting down a few of the magnificent forest trees, here and there. Not long ago, this man unexpectedly came into a large property elsewhere. Search was made for him, and on being discovered he was taken off, new clothes provided for him, was shaved and had his hair cut, and then was shipped off by the next mail to his new home and his riches. We saw the ashes of his camp fire, the kettle, and some old clothes, all still remaining just as he had left them.

This is a perfectly true incident, and tends to prove what the climate must be. For my own part I believe the summer to be perfect, never very hot, but like a beautiful spring day, with a gentle breeze from the north, which springs up about eight a.m. every day, and dies away towards six p.m. in the evening. A good deal of rain falls in the winter, but the cold is never severe west of the Cascade Mountains, and there is hardly ever enough snow in the winter to run a sleigh. The climate of Vancouver Island is greatly to be preferred to that of the mainland, there being much less rainfall on the former than on the seaboard of the latter.

On Vancouver Island I believe the best agricultural lands to lie about Saanwich, Cowichan, and Comox; the interior is still all wood, and at present has been unsurveyed. On the mainland there are some farm-lands of good quality on the Lower Fraser, though with rather a heavy rainfall, and the farmers are annoyed by mosquitoes; higher up the river the lands are subject to floods. The land available for farming purposes is called "bottom-land;" but there is too little of it ever to make British Columbia much of a farming country. Bottom land, as the name indicates, means land found here and there in valleys, in low undulating sections of the mountains. The farms are, therefore, much scattered, and there are none of any extent on Vancouver, or on the west coast of British Columbia. A farm of 300 acres is considered large, and they generally average about 100 acres. In the interior, the farms are cattle ranches, and grazing lands of large extent, but these also are scattered far apart on account of the mountainous state of the country. The beauty of the climate makes one regret all the more that the farming lands are not more extensive; otherwise it would be the place of all others to which a small farmer should emigrate. But from what I have observed of the country I think agriculturists could do better further east; the farms which I saw were in patches here and there, and were all small and badly worked; there is so much lumber (wood and

timber) about, that it would be impossible to procure a cleared farm of any size, and, in order to make one, a man's lifetime would be spent in cutting down the timber. Wages are also very high; they are said to be double here what they are in Eastern Canada. It appears to me, therefore, that the future prosperity of British Columbia must be derived from its mineral resources rather than from agriculture. The timber undoubtedly is a great source of wealth, but this will naturally diminish in time, though at present the supply is immense, and in size and quality it is some of the grandest in the world. In proof of this, I may mention that planks 6 or 7 feet wide and 80 feet long can be cut from the Douglas Fir, and I was told of one of these trees measuring 12 feet in diameter at 10 feet above the ground; at its base it was as much as 50ft round. However, such is at present the difficulty of transportation and conversion of timber in this distant region, that a pine tree 150 feet high and 5 feet in diameter does not, while standing, represent the value of more than a dollar. Without water communication, transportation of any kind from the interior is difficult and expensive.

To the east of the Cascade Mountains the climate is said to be quite different; the cold there is very severe in winter, and but little rain falls during the summer. The sage-bush and bunch grass grow there; the latter is long grass, cured by the sun and quite dry. On farms with this grass a large range is required, for when once eaten down it does not grow again until the next season. It fattens cattle amazingly, but sheep ruin it entirely, for they eat it down too close; many districts are already spoilt by over-grazing. The country near Kamloops Lake, and again near the Suswap Lake and district, is said to be promising for settlement; but the good agricultural lands are very scattered, and but small in extent when compared with other localities, and the extremes of heat and cold must, I think, prove a drawback to the lands east of the Cascade range. The following information was given me as regards settlers, &c. :— A man coming with the intention of taking up 160 acres at the Government price of one dollar (4s) per acre, would have no chance of procuring cleared land, but would have to take it covered with lumber, and clear and fence it himself. To fence fifty acres would cost 120 dollars (£24). Then to clear the land from wood; to chop down, would cost him ten dollars (£2) per acre, but this only means willow and alder, and these two are always an indication of good land. To clear pine land is much more expensive, and would take quite 200 dollars (£40) per acre. But the value of the timber would make some return for this outlay. Partially cleared land can be bought from £1 to £30 or £40 per acre; uncleared land (assuming it to be covered with willow or maple) would cost about £10 per acre to get into cultivation; this would include cutting and burning, levelling and open draining with cedar wood. This method of draining is much practised in British Columbia; a tree is split up edgewise in

three-cornered lengths; these are placed in a drain about three feet deep, in such a manner as to allow the water to run underneath; if good hearty timber be selected, it will last for years. The following average of crops in the Cowichan neighbourhood may be of interest:—

Hay, 2 tons per acre; value, 25 dollars (£5) per ton.
Oats, 50 bushels per acre; weight, 40lbs. per bushel.
Barley, 45 " " " " 60lbs. " "
Wheat, 40 " " " " 62lbs. " "
Hops, exceptional—they grow well in Washington Territory.
Swedes and turnips grow well, sometimes reaching 30lbs. to 40lbs. in weight.

Peas are indifferent. Beans do not do well.

Labour is expensive; white, 2½ dollars (10s.) per day; the Indians have 2 dollars (8s) per day; this is much dearer than it used to be. Very few men are kept on any farm all the year round; I met the owner of a farm of three hundred acres where only one man was regularly employed. I think, however, that a labourer or artisan of any description ought to do well out in Victoria, British Columbia; and if steady and active he might put by a large sum of money. Of course it must be remembered that the long journey out is most expensive. It cannot be managed under £30, even at emigration prices; and it would cost an ordinary traveller £50 to £60 to reach Victoria (B.C.) direct from Liverpool. It would be cheaper for an emigrant to go round in a sailing vessel *via* Cape Horn, but the journey would probably take about five months to perform. Besides this, wages would go down if there was any great influx of emigration. Common labourers now get 6s. to 8s. a day; masons and good axemen, 16s. to 20s. a day; carpenters, gardeners, and painters, 12s. a day. Women servants could obtain immediate employment at a high rate of wages—£60 or £70 a year, if not more; and would besides in all probability be able to retire from service and enter into married life within six months, if desirous to do so; indeed, it is for this reason that people think it hardly worth while to import women servants, as the expenses would be heavy, and the result would most likely be matrimony, and not lengthened service. All the necessities of life are excessively dear; no coin less than a five-penny-bit is taken or given in change. Some time ago the Canadian Government tried to reduce the small change to less than this sum, but the townspeople of Victoria expostulated; and on finding that no notice was taken of the complaint, they collected all the coins of less value than a piece of ten cents. (*viz.*, 5d.), packed them up in sacks, and sent them back to Canada, with the settlers' compliments.

For a person seeking a pleasant home in the colonies, Victoria, British Columbia, is the place I should recommend. Domestic servants are, however, so very scarce that Chinese are employed, and they make faithful servants so long as they are

trusted. One Chinaman will do what is called "run a house"—i.e., do all the cooking, waiting, and washing, for a family. He must, however, be trusted with everything, and paid in full whatever he asks; for should his honesty be doubted, he will at once rob you, or leave your service.

Provisions in Victoria are dear, with the exception of fish; first-class salmon can be purchased at fivepence per pound. House-rent in Victoria is very dear; town lots command enormous prices. Whilst we were there, half a Town-lot in the main street was sold for 15,000 dollars, but I should add that it was a corner frontage. A great many of these corner frontages are not yet built upon, as they are being held by speculators; but were I one of that happy fraternity, I think I should avail myself of the present high prices, and not wait for the inevitable drop which is sure to follow a "boom."

The conclusion at which I arrived was that British Columbia though rich in minerals and timber, is not an agricultural district. The available lands at Vancouver and the west of the mainland are good, but insufficient in quantity to tempt a tide of emigration of the farmer class. However, a farmer with a little capital, buying land at once, might do well; for the cleared land must increase in value, as the colony will increase in population when the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed. In the interior the lands are more of a grazing quality; hence capital would be required to stock them. The great drawback in the interior is, however, the want of water, as little good can be done without irrigation. Domestic servants, agricultural labourers, and artisans ought, if steady, to do well. Nursery girls would be at a premium, for the ladies of Victoria, although they employ a Chinaman "to run the house," do not take one to run the nursery; hence young girls willing to "take the baby" command a high figure, and soon realise the value of their services.

We passed many happy days in British Columbia (with its beautiful scenery), but there was so much to do and see, that had the weeks been lengthened out to months we should still not have seen all; and should have left it with the same keen regret, as after our short stay. The hospitality of the Victorians, from the Lieutenant-Governor downwards, was unbounded; we soon made acquaintance, not only with the Lieutenant-Governor, but also with the Premier, several of the Judges, and other leading men. But I regret that we did not form the acquaintance of a luminary of the law, who, in the exciting times of the gold mania at Cariboo, kept such a strict hand over the lawless population, that it was reported of him "that, after sitting in judgment all through the week, when he took his well-earned rest on a Sunday, he spent his leisure hours in looking out for trees on which to hang criminals on the Monday."

ARTICLE VI.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

We left British Columbia on July 6th, with great regret; going by sea to Tacoma (Washington Territory), thence by rail to Kalama, and on by the Columbia and Willamette rivers to Portland (Oregon). We were told that the scenery was very good, but of this we could form no idea, as nothing was visible on account of forest fires; the smoke from which totally obscured the views, and rendered the atmosphere suffocating. From Portland we travelled eastwards 700 miles, by Northern Pacific Railway, as far as Missoula; and then had to drive 135 miles over the Rocky Mountains, across the then unfinished portion of the line, to Helena (Montana Territory);—a very rough and wild bit of travelling in every way; but some of the scenery was well worth all the trouble. We continued our journey from Helena by rail to Glyndon Junction (passing through Dakota Territory), and thence to Winnipeg—another run of over 1,000 miles.

Here we met the friends with whom I had a long-standing engagement to go to the North-West Territory; and on July 20th we started on the long-talked of expedition, travelling in a Directors' Car, a party of eight, and taking our own provisions with us. Indeed, it would have been very difficult, or, perhaps, almost impossible, to have traversed all the country we did in any other way.

Manitoba itself is only a small province. The portion of Canada designated the North-West Territory adjoins it on the north-west, and is now being rapidly opened up by the Canadian Pacific Railway. I intend to write this article about the North-West Territory, and to reserve any information on Manitoba for my next and concluding article.

On leaving Winnipeg our car was attached to the ordinary morning passenger train west. We struck out at once upon the open prairie, and after passing Portage la Prairie and Brandon (both in Manitoba), we reached the frontier station, Moosomin, in the North-West Territory; 219 miles west of Winnipeg. Here the mounted police came to examine the car, for no spirits are admitted into the North-West Territory. These men are well dressed in red uniforms, and have the appearance of being smart soldiers. The corps bear a very high reputation, and they are said to get on capitally with the Indians, and to have a great

influence over them. It seems rather an arbitrary rule, that no spirits, beer, or other intoxicating liquors should be allowed in this country; but, during the construction of the railway, and until the whole district is more settled, there are reasons in favour of this self-inflicted law. Besides, it should be remembered that "firewater" (i.e., strong drink), has a most powerful and disastrous effect upon the Indians: so much so, that a settler convicted of having given any to an Indian, renders himself liable to a very heavy punishment indeed. The law is, of course, evaded at times, and drunkenness is an occasional result. I was much amused at hearing in one district, of a trial which had just taken place, in which the accused had stated in his defence that he had really got drunk, not from drinking spirits, but *Worcestershire Sauce*! However this might have been, it is a fact that, in consequence of this anti-liquor law, many drinks are concocted, having the appearance of strength, but which I can vouch for as being very nasty to the palate.

The country round Moosomin is very undulating, and there is a good deal of scrubwood about; but I should doubt its being much of a farming district. Close on each side of the railway, it looked almost uninhabited; for a "one mile belt" was being reserved, in order to avoid the chance of the land being bought by speculators, and not by *bona fide* settlers. Since last autumn, however, this land has been thrown open, and will soon be inhabited. We saw the settlers' houses dotted about in the distance, on the undulating (or "rolling") open prairie; there seemed to be a great many small farms, but mostly rather far apart.

From a station called Indian Head we visited Bell Farm, managed by a company; under the superintendence of a Major Bell. They have taken up 50,000 acres, and intend breaking it up at the rate of 7,000 acres a year. From here we drove on, a distance of twenty miles, to Fort Qu'Appelle, over a very sparsely-populated district, all open undulating prairie, with small farms here and there. We stopped to speak to a settler, who had come to these parts a year or two before, from Ontario. He told us that he was very happy and contented, and preferred the North-West to his old quarters; and that though the six months' winter was long, and there was not much to do besides cutting wood, and feeding cattle, he did not much mind that; and "it was better for the boys than in Ontario," and they themselves preferred it.

From Fort Qu'Appelle we made a very interesting expedition to a large encampment of Red Indians of the Cree tribe; a Mr. Macdougall, whose acquaintance we had formed, and who was well-known by the Indians, having preceded us there, to ask permission for us to call. At some distance from the camp we were introduced to a half-breed Indian, who undertook to be our interpreter. The camp, containing a hundred wigwams or

more, was on a flat elevation. As we drove past, every tent produced a number of peering faces, painted red, or yellow and red, the hair-partings being generally of the latter colour. About four hundred Crees were assembled here, for there had been a great function on the previous week, which the different neighbouring chiefs and their tribes had come to attend. One ceremony had been to admit five warriors as "braves." These unfortunates had had to undergo various ordeals, of which one was to have a stick run through the flesh of the chest, and another, to be strung up by the skin of the shoulders for an hour and a half;—during which latter operation, I was told one of the Indians fainted twice. On approaching the large wigwam, we saw that we were in for a regular "Pow-wow" (*levée*). The tent was crammed with Indians, the chiefs being seated together at one end, with the band at their side. The sight was one we shall never probably see again. The tent itself was about forty feet long by fifteen feet broad; made of dirty canvass or skins, and supported by light cross poles, very like our hop poles. Towards its southern end were three cauldrons containing food; one delicacy being dog stew, which is thought a great dainty. We were met at the door by Chief Pasquah of Qu'Appelle Lake district, who introduced us to the assembled chiefs, seven in number, all Cree tribe Indians, and we had great shakings of hands all round. Their names were:—

- Chief Côté, *i.e.*—The Coast, from Pelly.
- " Keechehona, *i.e.*—The Keys, from The Keys.
- " Pasquah, *i.e.*—The Plain, from Qu'Appelle Lakes.
- " Muscowpetung, *i.e.*—Little Black Bear, from Qu'Appelle Lakes.
- " Pepekens, *i.e.*—Eagle, from Titihills.
- " Okanes, *i.e.*—Thigh Bone, from Titihills.
- " Kawakatoos, *i.e.*—Poor Man, from Touchwood.

After the introductions were over, we took up our positions on the ground, and watched the dancing, singing, and orations. There was really a tune in some of the songs, and the music seemed to us very far superior to that of the Chinese,—at least, as we had heard it at San Francisco. The dancing was in the centre of the tent, and was joined in by some six or ten at a time, to the music of the band; the head man selecting the dancers. He was not a chief, but what we should call a master of the ceremonies. He was an old man, and wore a dirty white blanket, and blanket trousers and mocassins; but had nothing on above his waist, except a dirty white handkerchief tied in a band round his head. He had several patches of paint in streaks about his body and arms, but was not nearly so well dressed as some of the other Indians; for some of the dresses were really handsome, and of wonderful colouring. Finding we were in for a regular "Pow-wow," we took our seats on the ground, and philosophically resigned ourselves to do anything that might be

required of us, in order that we might show our love for our Indian fellow-subjects; but at the same time we devoutly hoped that we should not be called upon to taste the great Indian delicacy of dog-stew, which was simmering in the cauldron, and was the nastiest-looking thing in the camp (which is saying a good deal), or even to join in the pipe of peace, which we saw looming in the distance.

The following slight description of some of the dresses will show how curious the scene was:—Chief Pasquah wore a Jim Crow hat and feather, a leather jacket trimmed with beads, red trousers made out of a blanket, with black braid round the ankles, (there being a tear on one side, through which a large piece of thigh was visible); a long piece of drapery was hung from his shoulders with small flat brass balls attached; he wore moccasins on his feet, round his waist was a belt with fire-bag (to contain matches and tobacco); his face was painted a bright vermillion, his hair was long and black, he carried a pipe in his hand, and on his breast hung a pair of scissors and a looking glass in a case—evidently a present. (A few days later I was given a paper drawn by this chief, in illustration of all the presents he had received from the Government; it is really a very interesting document, and a great curiosity). Another chief had an eagle's feather head-dress, fans of feathers, silver rings on his fore-fingers, face painted yellow with dashes of vermillion. One old Indian chief was not painted like the others, but was dressed in darkish clothes, and wore a round black hat, trimmed with wide gold braid. He was a stranger; and came as a guest, the representative of a tribe 300 miles away. I sat out the whole performance with great stolidity. With exception, all had more or less coloured faces, some being painted bright vermillion down to the nose, and yellow ochre below it;—which is quite sufficient to give a hideous expression. Earrings were the general ornaments; the hair was mostly worn very long, and in many cases plaited, but one or two had it cut so as make it stand up on end.

Chief Pasquah made us a speech, remarkable for its apparent fluency. In this he was followed by a young warrior, during whose oration the band struck up between each sentence, giving a single note on the "tom-tom"—a circular instrument, struck with a stick. The speech of this young warrior was translated to us by our interpreter, and was an account of the number of men he had killed. Mr. Macdougall, who had arranged our interview, advised that we should, before leaving, see how the Indians keep a record of their fights, and of the number of their victims. One tall Indian, whom I had noticed before, was therefore selected. He wore a large linen mantle, and showed us examples painted on it in yellow, illustrating how he had killed eighteen Indians, each showing how the deed had been done.

After witnessing a great deal of dancing, singing, and
 eachmaking, we thought it time to move; so one of our party
 as advanced, as our representative, to make a speech, which was
 duly translated to the Indians by our interpreter, and was as
 follows.—“We, Palefaces from the East, are making a journey
 to the Rocky Mountains, and we have come here to enquire into
 your welfare. But, although Palefaces, we are the children of
 one mother, the Queen of Great Britain; and we have come to
 see you, such valiant men, who have fought such great battles.
 We are sorry to hear that you are sometimes hungry, so we have
 brought you some tea and tobacco, and some vermilion with
 which to decorate your squaws; and we will send you some flour
 and bacon on our return. We must now wish you good-bye, and
 may the Great Spirit direct you, and keep you in the right
 path.”

After this followed a great deal of handshaking, and then
 we took our departure from the Indian camp and returned to
 Fort Qu'Appelle. Our first present to the Indians consisted
 only of tea and tobacco, and vermilion for painting themselves;
 the bacon and flour were an after-thought. They, however,
 evidently expected a handsome present, for they sent to ask if
 they should send a cart to fetch it; so we made the best of it,
 and answered in the affirmative. These gatherings only take
 place occasionally, so it was most fortunate for us that we should
 have come across such a sight during our trip to the North
 West.

Fort Qu'Appelle is well situated in a deep valley, on a flat,
 between two lakes. The land in the district is reported to be good,
 and it is reckoned to be one of the best openings for settlers, in the
 unoccupied part of the North-West. A drive of fifty miles on the
 following day gave me a fair opportunity of judging of the country,
 and its capabilities. Seated on a “buck-board,”—i.e., a kind of
 carriage with four wheels, and no body except a small seat in the
 centre, with just room to sit,—one was supposed to be able to
 undertake any amount of prairie-driving, whether rough or smooth.
 I saw a great variety of country; some woody, with small tarns
 here and there, and good grazing grass between the patches of
 scrub—the sort of country which, were I a settler desiring to
 locate myself in the North-West, I should certainly view with a
 favourable eye as being at any rate worth inquiring about; the
 proximity of water and wood being a great advantage; and I
 should prefer a mixed to an arable farm. Then we came upon the
 wide, open, rolling prairie, with not a tree to be seen, nothing but
 a sea of waving grass; but although the latter was of an inferior
 quality, there were indications that the land was well calculated
 for corn growing. This district appeared to me in every way ex-
 cellent for an arable farm, and, being what is called “rolling”
 prairie, small farming could be better carried on here than on the
 absolutely flat plain; and, naturally, the drainage is more perfect.

The prairie flowers, especially the roses, were beautiful, and wild strawberries grew here and there in such large patches, that, sitting down, one could gather as many as one could eat within arm's length.

After this we came to a piece of land which will probably remain in its present state for many years to come, being poor, hungry soil, intersected with swamps, and covered with stones and boulders. It will decidedly be best left alone, as a playground for the gophers.

Thus it will be noticed that in a fifty miles drive, I saw three distinct varieties of country; so if a man wants to settle he ought to take no one's advice, but should visit the country and decide for himself. I do not think that any drive could give a better idea of the prairie of the North-West than that I have just touched upon. I was told that a great deal of this land was taken up, but I saw but few settlers. Those I spoke to expressed themselves as happy and contented, and had no complaints to make. They all spoke of the length of the winters, but apparently thought feeding cattle and cutting wood sufficient occupation for that time; and none wished to return to their previous Canadian homes. From the time the winter sets in in the North-West, I am told that one never gets one's feet wet; the snow is so crisp and hard, and no damp ever penetrates, so that the people wear only mocassins. No rain falls in winter; only snow occasionally, but a snow blizzard must be an uncomfortable thing. The thermometer is sometimes forty degrees below zero; but on account of the dryness of the atmosphere the cold is not felt as much as might be imagined; and settlers say they prefer this climate to that of Ontario or Quebec. Nevertheless, I should think that the long six or seven months' winter must be a great drawback.

Fort Qu'Appelle is the ancient treaty-ground of the Indians, and many people think that this place, or Moosejaw, should have been the capital of the North-West instead of Regina.

The following information may be useful:—The best wheat field of the North-West, said to be the finest in Canada, is about two hundred miles long, by one hundred miles wide, extending from Battleford and Prince Albert in the north to Qu'Appelle and Brandon (in Manitoba) in the south. The lands about Prince Albert are all taken up, and it is a very flourishing colony. There are districts within the belt, by Beaver Hills and Touchstone Hills, and also not far (north) from Fort Qu'Appelle, still open for settlers. The best cattle ranches are in the north west district, in the neighbourhood of Fort McLeod. I am of opinion that a settler, to do well, should not start with less than £300 to draw upon. This would be expended as follows:—

Journey for two, say	£40
Homestead fee (160 acres)	2
Pre-emption land (160 acres), say	32*
Lumber for building a four-room house and stable, say	60
One year's supply of food for self and wife (a low estimate), say	60
Yoke of oxen, say	50
Waggon	16
Plough	5
Two cows, say	30
Farm tools	20
Extra cash for seed, contingencies, &c.	
			£315

Of course a single man can make the necessary deductions from the above, and a married man with a family the necessary additions. But many people consider that a settler should have at least enough money to keep him in food for two years. The larger the family the better, after settling; children being looked upon with favour, as free labourers on the farm. It must be remembered, that if a man takes up land, say in the early spring of the one year, he cannot look for any return from his corn crops for at least eighteen months afterwards. Upon taking to a prairie-farm of virgin soil, the first operation is to do what is called "breaking," which is to turn over the top soil about two inches deep and twelve broad; this is done about the month of June. Next comes the "back-setting"; this is ploughing between the above-named slices, and so turning the under-soil to the top; this commences about August. Then the land is fit for cultivating and seeding about the following May. Thus the first year is a dead loss, so far as any return is concerned. Some settlers sow upon the open prairie the first year; but I cannot think that this system is to be recommended. I see no call at present for an influx of the labouring classes into the North West; for, except where capitalists or companies employ labour, the settlers have as much as they can do to support themselves, without employing outside labour, except in the busy times of the year.

Returning to the railway, we continued our journey to Regina, the new capital of the North-West Territory. The Government offices, and the residence of the Governor are here; as well as the new barracks for the mounted police. A year ago there was not a house, or even a sign of one, in the place; now several are built, and there are plenty of hotels. It possesses one broad street. As no intoxicating drinks are allowed, "saloons" are absent; nevertheless Regina does not look happy or prosperous. There is no good water supply, so I cannot see why the city was started here, when so many other more desirable sites could be found. One well a hundred feet deep has lately been sunk, and water

* This should have been £80—i.e., at the rate of 2½ dollars per acre: therefore my rough estimate for taking up and starting 320 acres of land should have been £800 at the lowest, instead of £315.

successfully found; but at the railway station none had been discovered at a depth of two hundred feet. Regina is three hundred and fifty-six miles west of Winnipeg, and is situated on an absolutely flat plain. The surrounding soil is not good, being all clay, with but little loam on the top. Grass does not grow well, and farmers seem to say that it is doubtful how other crops will do. It was a dreary-looking country; with no tree or shrub visible the whole way, until we reached Moosejaw. Here we saw another Indian encampment of the Cree Tribe, under the leadership of Chief Pie-pot; they were on the march east, and had encamped for the night. Just as we stopped at the station, the chief himself crossed the line. He was very tall and bold-looking, and we were much struck by his fine appearance. He wore a fur cap, and a mantle over his shoulder, and carried a feather fan. We all shook hands with him, and invited him into our car, and gave him a cigar. I shall never forget his eye of inquiry whilst the cigar was being lighted for him by one of the party, by means of a lucifer match—Pie-pot meanwhile having the cigar in his mouth. The sulphur of the match was not quite burnt out, and the old chief tasted it at first instead of the tobacco, and evidently wondered for a minute if a joke were not being played upon him; but as soon as he tasted the tobacco he was all right again. Further west we came upon another camp of Indians (the Assiniboine Tribe), also on the march eastwards; probably on their way to the rendezvous, where the Government serves out the yearly grant to all Indians in treaty with the Dominion Government, and which consists of blankets, and so many dollars a head. All the Indians of the North Western Territory are well disposed and friendly to the settlers. This is in a great measure owing to the Hudson's Bay Company, who always treated the Indians in such an upright and honourable way, so that they were attracted to our rule, and learnt to respect the Palefaces instead of becoming their enemies, which otherwise they might have done. They have reservations on which they reside, and do not mix with the settlers.

Beyond Moosejaw we passed some very bad lands (after, say, twenty miles west), full of alkali; and then came across a very poor district, the vegetation consisting principally of sage-bushes, and signs of a general drought being everywhere visible. It must, in fairness, be remembered that last summer is said to have been the driest ever known in the North West. But in my travels I have generally found that, whenever there is anything amiss, one is told that the season is an exceptional one, and I do not think that I shall be far wrong in stating that, west of Moosejaw (398 miles from Winnipeg) the land begins to deteriorate, and continues to do so for the next 200 or 300 miles.

We arrived at Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan River, on the 25th July. This was, at that time, the terminus of the passenger traffic, and here our trip must have ended, had it not been for the facilities afforded by our private car, which

the authorities were kind enough to allow to be attached to the "construction" trains—i.e., trains used by the contractors for the completion of the line to Fort Calgary under the Rocky Mountains. Medicine Hat "City," as it is now designated, reminded me of an English fair. Most of the so-called houses were tents, though some of the stores were built of wood. What the population is I cannot say; but I should roughly estimate it at 1,000. On the 26th April last, there was not a shop or a house in the place; now, it is a "City," and already contains seven hotels; some of which, indeed, are only tents, making up, perhaps, half-a-dozen cribs, but they bear the name "hotel" over their doors. There are also a number of stores, six billiard-rooms or halls, a post-office, one or two restaurants, and "a parlour." "For ice creams," "For cold drinks." Medicine Hat is expected to become a real city in the future, not from any reputation of having good farming lands in the neighbourhood, but because of the proximity of coal in this district. As we travelled on from Medicine Hat, attached to a construction train, the lands looked miserably poor and dried up; this was the case until we reached what was called the Thirteenth Siding (about 120 miles west of Medicine Hat), after which the soil began to improve, and continued doing so for the remainder of our journey; but it is not to be compared to Manitoba soil, about which I shall have something to say in my next article.

On our arrival at the Fifteenth Siding we made arrangements with the owner of a buggy and waggon to convey us to Fort Calgary, 40 miles further on. This man transferred his headquarters when the railway people did theirs, which was about every two or three days. We passed a long line of traders, consisting of twelve waggons tied together in twos, sixteen to eighteen bullocks being attached to each waggon. This sort of locomotion must be very slow, and will soon be supplanted by the railway; it is, therefore, one of the sights of the North West, which will shortly be amongst the things of the past. It may be of interest to mention here the extraordinary rapidity with which railways are made on the other side of the Atlantic, viz.: at the rate of from three to six or seven miles a day; but, notwithstanding this rapidity, I can testify that the Canadian Pacific Railway is well and solidly built, and is by no means constructed in the way some people imagine, by merely laying down sleepers in the prairie, without any earthwork. In point of fact, no embankment is the exception, and not the rule; the line being raised on a slight embankment for the whole distance from Winnipeg to as far as it was completed when we visited it.

Leaving the railway, we drove for forty miles across the prairie without seeing the sign of a house, and over indifferent land; and, crossing the Bow River, arrived at Fort Calgary (838 miles west of Winnipeg), where we took up our quarters in a tent. We passed little or no water in our forty miles drive till we came to the Bow River, which we had to cross in a ferry,

about a hundred yards wide. The charges were as follow:—

Double vehicle and two horses, 100 cents—4s. English money.				
Single vehicle and horse	... 50	"	2s.	" "
Horse and rider	... 50	"	2s.	" "
Horse, mule, or cow	... 25	"	1s.	" "
Sheep, hog, calf, or colt	... 25	"	1s.	" "
For every person except team driver	... 25	"	1s.	" "

For all articles not in a vehicle, over 100lbs. weight, 15 cents.
—7½d. per 100lbs.

Double the above amount after sunset.

It did not appear to me that this part could ever make a good farming district, on account of the summer frosts, which seem to occur very frequently. We heard that there had been a sharp one on the previous night (July 25th), and on going to inspect a quarter of an acre of potatoes, we found that three parts of them had been completely frost-bitten. I was told that there were some good farming lands at Edmonton, 150 to 200 miles north of Fort Calgary and that the climate there was the same as at Fort Calgary, but that it is rather milder south, about Fort McLeod, which is reported to be a good stock-raising country. I had some conversation with an old settler, who told me that the west was filling up fast, but that he thought it would be the same as in Manitoba—"a lot would come, and then half of them would go away again." This man had resided in Manitoba as well as in the North West, and he told me that he saw little or no difference in the climate, between Winnipeg and Fort Calgary, except that there was less snow at the latter. I can myself vouch for the cold of the nights in July, for when sleeping as we did in a tent, I had great difficulty in keeping myself warm, even under a buffalo robe. As regards the climate, I was told that snow frequently falls in October, and sometimes in September; but that winter really sets in on November 1st, and that after that there is snow continuously on the ground till about April. June, as a rule, is the wet month of the year. In further reference to Fort Calgary district, I was told that it was not favourable as an agricultural country (which means ploughed lands), on account of the summer frosts; and that it was more suitable for horses than for cattle. Whilst visiting a friend a few miles south of Calgary, I had another opportunity of making inquiries, and found that there a sharp frost, cutting off all the potatoes, had taken place on the 20th July. I was anxious to ascertain about the climate and land in this part (called the south west part of the Great North Western Territory), as I had heard that it bore the reputation of being the best feeding land in Canada. It appears that the country south of Calgary is best for feeding, and that to the north of it is very good for agricultural purposes; but Calgary itself is not exceptionally good for either. The Government cattle ranches are let on 21 year leases, at the rate of ten dollars per annum per 1,000 acres;

these ranches vary from 20,000 to 30,000 acres in extent. There are stipulations made about the number of cattle to be turned out.

In July the prices of provisions at Fort Calgary, previous to the completion of the railway, were as follow:—

Flour	£1 12s. per cwt.
Beef	10d. per lb.
Bread	1s. per 3lb. loaf.
Milk	2s. per gallon.
Salt butter	2s. per lb (and very bad).
Sugar	10d. per lb.

The railway was then 180 miles away as concerns goods traffic, and on its being opened up, prices would of course drop. But there are many places 200 miles and more away from a railway, so that the prices I have quoted are perhaps not peculiar to Fort Calgary.

Taking the "North West Territory" as a farming district, I must reluctantly express my disappointment with the quality of the soil, and the drawback of the long winter; and I must here give a word of caution, about which more hereafter. I think some parts of Manitoba have been rather unfairly neglected. Everyone rushes to the west upon arriving at Winnipeg, without staying to make inquiries, and the result is in many cases much disappointment.

The land which I saw did not come up to my expectations; for, instead of getting better the further west we went, I was obliged to form a contrary opinion from personal observation. It is said the worst part of the Territory is adjacent to the railway; but whether this was the case or not, I was not very favourably impressed.

ARTICLE VII.

MANITOBA.

We left Fort Calgary late in July, in our two-horse buggy and wagon, on our return journey. We again crossed the Bow river, but did not follow exactly the same route over the prairie as the one we had taken in coming, the railway "terminus" having advanced many miles; in fact, the previous day had been a notable one for the track-layers, and six and a-half miles of rail had been laid between four a.m. and eight p.m. We had luncheon near the only spring in these parts; and here we found a large railway encampment, and a good many unemployed men. I may mention that the contractors for this portion of the line do not employ Indian or Chinese labour, as is the case in the British Columbian section, but white men only. It was very hot throughout the day, but immediately the sun went down it became cold; for the nights are always cool and refreshing, even in the height of summer. It had been our intention to have visited another Indian camp about 800 miles west of Winnipeg, viz., that of the Blackfoot Indians (the most powerful tribe in Canada), in order to see their sun-dance; but, owing to the outbreak of an epidemic among them, we were dissuaded from doing this, and therefore continued our journey east until we left the North-West Territory, and re-entered the province of Manitoba.

Here the first station we reached was Elkhorn, where we had arranged to make a halt, in order to visit Mr. Rankin's estate (the Assiniboine Farm) eleven miles distant over the prairie. Mr Herbert Power met us at the station, and by means of his vehicle and a wagon on springs, we were conveyed across the open prairie to this estate. It was rather a rough drive. Even at a long distance off we could see that something out of the ordinary course of things was being done in this part. Houses were in course of erection, the sites for which were well chosen, and they therefore looked larger than they in reality were; for it is a noticeable fact, that on a prairie, things seen from a distance always appear to a certain degree magnified in size. Mr. H. Power and his brother appeared as glad to see us as we were to see them; and, under the guidance of the former, we were taken over the farm, and had a lesson in the Canadian methods of agriculture. This farm is considered in Manitoba to be well-managed, and the land judiciously selected. We saw some excellent crops of wheat and oats; better than any we had seen in the North West Territory; and the oats in particular compared very favourably with those we inspected in Southern Manitoba, or in the Red River Valley at a later date. Millers will give fifteen

cents per bushel more for red Fife wheat grown in Manitoba, than for Ontario wheat. Mr. H. Power pointed out to us ten moderate sized houses for settlers, which were being built at Mr. Rankin's expense, with a view to working the land on the half-profit system—a plan which is much in vogue, and is gradually becoming popular amongst American farmers further south.

Returning to the railway, we continued our journey to Brandon, in Manitoba (132 miles west of Winnipeg); and from here commenced a drive of over 170 miles to Deloraine, and thence to Manitoba city, where we proposed to take the ordinary train along the South Western line back to Winnipeg. We hired a four-wheel wagon with two horses at Brandon; and sent our private railway car on, via Winnipeg, to Manitoba City, where we were to rejoin it in two or three days' time. This drive was recommended to us by a gentleman well acquainted with Manitoba; who told us that by thus visiting Southern Manitoba, we should have an opportunity of seeing some of the finest parts of the country. Brandon itself is a very rising place, and now boasts of some well laid-out streets; on my previous visit to America two years ago, it consisted of but one house; and I remember being told of thirteen travellers having to share one room. It is now a kind of centre for this part of Manitoba, and contains no less than thirteen livery stables; which here are horse dealing repositories, as well as places for hiring vehicles.

Leaving Brandon,—close to which flows the Assiniboine river,—we saw the Brandon Hills in the distance, from which the wood supply for the town is brought. The soil in this part appeared to be light and sandy, and the different crops we passed did not look very good. We saw hemp, potatoes, wheat, and oats; the latter were bad, dirty, and weedy; and the grass land also seemed poor. Hay-cutting was just commencing, but the grass was very short; and it was only in patches here and there, where the land was a little undulating, that it could be cut at all. There were very few cattle, but those we did see looked fat and well. Considering the proximity of a place like Brandon, I thought very little land was broken in proportion to the extent of the prairie; and of what was taken up, hardly any was fenced in. There were quantities of prairie roses about; these flowers are, I think, the prettiest things I have seen in the North-West, or in Manitoba. In the course of the afternoon we arrived at a place called Plum Creek, twenty-five miles from Brandon, not having passed anything of much interest on the way. The prairie was open, flat, and treeless; and the nature of the soil did not vary much in that distance. At Plum Creek there were a few trees, (as usual, indicating a river); and the place itself was quite a nice little settlement. The Souris river flows past here, and Plum Creek runs into it. Crossing the former in a ferry-boat, we found the adjoining lands to be of excellent quality, but uncultivated: probably they are being

held by some speculator—otherwise a fine settlement might be formed here. The eye rested upon one immense open prairie waiting for cultivation; but there was not a house, nor the sign of an inhabitant, to be seen for miles. We drove eight miles south, before coming to a house, or any attempt at cultivation; then we reached a settler's land, where there was a good crop of wheat and oats. This man came in June, 1882; and the crops we saw were his first. His house, instead of being made of wood, was a sod house (*i.e.* built of sods like an Irish cabin), and the stable was of the same material. Each man, of course, has his separate taste; but I am not at all sure but that these sod huts are warmer than the wooden ones. A stone house is almost unknown on the prairie. Many of the frame or wooden houses have one or two furrows ploughed round them, in order to prevent encroachment by prairie fires. The settlers in the sod hut had nothing to complain of, except that the water in the well was bad. They said they were satisfied, and certainly if a number of children could conduce to it, they had reason to be so. We drove on again for six miles, without seeing a house, or any broken land;—the soil in this part was a black loam, two feet deep, with a sandy sub-soil. The next person we came upon was a young fellow from Ontario, who, in answer to our enquiries whether he liked the country, replied, "First-rate." His crops of the first year's breaking were as follow:—Peas indifferent, but oats, wheat, and barley all good. At the next place we stopped we found another Ontario man, who also said that he liked the country "first-rate." His crops appeared flourishing, and he said the water in his well was good.

On leaving him we saw no more settlers for eight miles; when, at 8.30 p.m., having driven forty-seven miles from Brandon, we reached a framed house, where we asked, and received, permission to put up for the night. It was one of the ordinary settlers' houses, 24 feet by 18 feet; a living-room and a small room below, and one sleeping-room above. The stabling was good, being made of turf, and covered with loose straw. The arrangements for cows rather amused me; they were placed in an enclosure, with a fire in the centre, which smoked pretty freely; round this the cows stood all night whisking their tails,—and thus, aided by the smoke, managed to keep off mosquitoes. Smoke is a preventive against these tormenting insects; and cattle unprotected in this way would be much annoyed; indeed, if left out in the open without any fire, they would stray away for miles before morning. On examining the well I found the water was bad, as in fact it very often is in all this part. The settlers informed me that they liked the country moderately well. They were very hospitable, and our hostess and her daughters were soon busy preparing our supper. We had a small stock of provisions with us, and these were brought into requisition; but even without them we should have got on very well. It must be remembered that we were out on the open prairie, with no house within miles of us; but we

made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night, though the accommodation was of course very limited, there being only one room upstairs. Our hostess and one daughter slept down below, in the little room adjoining the living-room; the upstairs room was divided by a blanket hung across a beam; on one side of this slept the two younger daughters of the house; and the other half was shared by their brother (who had his dog as a bed-fellow), our three selves, and the driver of our wagon. This description will serve to show the general, and, I must say, primitive, arrangement of a settler's house; but we considered that we were rather lucky than otherwise, for we each got a bed to ourselves. The next morning we were up at 4.30 a.m., and soon completed our toilettes. The preparations for washing were not extensive; one iron bowl at the bottom of the stairs for the whole party. There had been a heavy dew during the night, and it was a cold morning, but I noticed that even at this early hour the mosquito fire was still alight. The first settler's house we called at was about three or four miles away; here again I examined the water and found it indifferent. The settlers said there was alkali in it, and I fancy this is a very common complaint in this district. The well was eight feet deep. These people only came last year, and very little land is broken up as yet; they offered to sell their holding at ten dollars (£2) per acre.

We were now approaching a district well-known to me by reputation, namely, Turtle Mountains; ten miles or so to the north of which there is a great deal of marshy land, much resembling an Irish bog; the base of the mountains (on the north side) appeared well settled, and we saw a few crops of oats, but they were all weedy. The next house we called at was again inhabited by a settler from Ontario; here the wife was busy irrigating the garden, and the crops in consequence were really first-rate; the potatoes being especially good. Soon afterwards we reached Deloraine, which is situated within a few miles of Turtle Mountain, and sixty miles from Brandon. The soil round here is too shallow to bear continued cropping without manure, being only a few inches deep; it is light on the surface, with gravel showing in places. The water supply is bad. Thirty miles west of this place, in the valley of the Souris river, I am informed that there is some good land.

Settlers have only come so recently into all the country described above, that they could give no opinion how long it would stand cropping without manuring. In the first year's cultivation the crops were decidedly good. Until we reached Deloraine I scarcely noticed any cattle about. The farming implements were everywhere of a superior description and quality; the wagons being particularly useful little vehicles, set on springs, so that they can be used either for locomotion, or for hauling crops—(they are called "democrat wagons"). The diminutive size of the settlers' houses is very noticeable; the medium size is 24 feet by 18 feet;

and many are much smaller. There is no variety whatever in style; every house being of exactly the same pattern, and all built of wood, with the exception of a few, which are made of turf. I had expected to find some farms of a better description in a country like this, but in this respect I was disappointed; and I may apply this observation not to Manitoba only, but to the North-West as well. There are several large stores at various points, where everything, from kettles and pans and drapery, to bread, biscuits, and oatmeal, is to be bought. From Deloraine we went eastwards, along the commission trail (i.e., the road used by the Commissioners when settling the Canadian and United States boundary) in the direction of Manitoba City, the distance of which place from Deloraine nobody knew, but it was in reality about one hundred miles. I was anxious to see the next portion of Southern Manitoba (between Deloraine and Manitoba City), as I was told it had been settled about five or six years, and I wished particularly to see how the crops would look on land cultivated for a succession of years, without help from fallowing or manuring; therefore I took at the time some careful notes.

Within a few miles of Deloraine there appeared in passing along to be many signs of alkali; almost everywhere throughout the route we took, there was a deficiency of good water; and for 30 miles east of Deloraine, what there was was bad, and the creeks were dried up. The quality of the land between Deloraine and Wakopa (thirty miles), varies very much, but none of it is deep soil. The style of farming was very bad indeed; the following is a description of some of the crops taken as they came:

- 12.10 p.m.—Oats bad and weedy.
- 12.30 p.m.—Potatoes very good. Peas poor.
- 12.35 p.m.—Land very dirty; many holdings abandoned.
- 12.50 p.m.—Oats and wheat poor and foul—oats very poor. Swedes foul. Potatoes bad.
- 1.0 p.m.—Poor wheat and peas.
- 1.30 p.m.—Rough land round new house. Oats good, but foul.
- 2.0 p.m.—Oats poor.
- 2.10 p.m.—Good potatoes. Oats poor. Hay in cocks.
- 2.20 p.m.—Wheat moderate. Potatoes bad.
- 2.30 p.m.—Good hay in bottom land.
- 2.35 p.m.—Wheat poor. Barley and potatoes good.
- 2.40 p.m.—Wheat, barley, and swedes poor. Wheat fair.

During the whole of this thirty miles drive, haymaking seemed pretty general; but the corn-crops were certainly bad and backward, and this in a district which had been settled five years. When compared with what we had seen on the previous day, on lands with the first or second crop, the result tends to show that the fertility of the soil is reduced by constant cropping, without the aid of manure, rest, deeper ploughing, or

fallow. Cattle were apparently very scarce. In the whole drive from Brandon to Manitoba City we did not see 100 sheep, and not more than perhaps 200 head of cattle. Quantities of straw are wasted; it being often either left in heaps or burnt. On the route we passed a store where we watered our horses, but the water was bad. After leaving Wakopa, we traversed some excellent grass land for a distance of eight miles; none of it was broken, and it would make a fine cattle rancho. Then the country became more hilly, and the soil again shallow; and presently we came to broken ground intermixed with tarna. The settlers told us that no one had come into the district of late, for the vacant land was all taken up, and held by speculators.

Our drive this day, over a distance of seventy-six miles, was most instructive; giving us, as it did, a good opportunity of noticing the difference between crops grown on newly-turned ground, and those grown on ground turned for successive years. The settlers who had come in 1882 had the best crops; those grown by people who had been there four years or more, were inferior, and in some cases bad; therefore I concluded that, after taking off two crops, the soil in this district begins to fail and get weak, for want of manure, deeper ploughing, or fallowing. At a place called Cartwright, where we stopped for the night, there was an excellent spring of water, the best I have tasted in Manitoba. Cartwright was forty-seven miles from a railway station, and the prices of provisions were as follow:—

Butter per lb. 25 cents.
Eggs, per doz. 25 cents.
Beef, per lb. 18 cents.
Flour, per cwt. 2 dols. 25 cents.
Milk, 28 cents.
Sugar, 12½ cents.
Bread, 5 cents.
Bacon, 25 cents.

The proprietor of the inn gave me the following information, which is interesting, as it endorses the opinion I have previously expressed:—"The best crops of wheat are obtained from well-broken and back-set lands; and, after a second or third crop, the soil requires deeper ploughing or manuring. Thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre is considered a big yield; of oats, 65 to 74 bushels; and of potatoes, 350 bushels to the acre—60 lbs. to the bushel. Hay-harvest in this part is in July and August, and wheat-cutting at the end of August and September." Our driver (whom we again had to share our supper and bedroom) had never been on so long an excursion before, and was much delighted with the outing, entering into everything with as much zest as we did ourselves.

The next day we were up at five a.m., and started off for a forty-seven miles' drive to Manitoba City, being told that we should pass through a finer country than any we had previously

seen. This we found to be the case; some of it had been settled for five or six years, so I shall again have recourse to my note-book for observations on the state of the crops; selecting one or two instances, from a very numerous collection. On first leaving Cartwright we drove across a considerable stretch of uncultivated prairie—all grass, with low hills, broken land, and ponds of water;—a district admirably suited for cattle-ranching purposes. Southern Manitoba is quite a different country from the North-West; it is all much greener, and the prairie grass is longer and better. It is a great pity that the district is not more extensively settled, and that there is so little money in it;—the settlers whom we saw seemed little above the labouring classes, and apparently had no capital to spend on their farms. We were told that the land round Crystal City was some of the best in Southern Manitoba; nevertheless a good deal of it was abandoned and out of cultivation. At Cartwright we bought some oats for our horses at 35 cents (1s. 5½d.) per bushel of 36 lbs. to the bushel. I subjoin the following extract from my note-book relative to the crops we passed:—

11.0 a.m.—Open prairie; grass good.

11.10 a.m.—Wheat, barley, and oats all good.

11.45 a.m.—Wheat and barley good, oats good, but bad in places. Finished seeding May 26.—

This farm had been worked two years.

11.50 a.m.—Barley and oats good; wheat fair.

1.30 p.m.—Oats and wheat good. Depth of soil 18 inches to two feet.

Close to this last holding we had a talk with a settler, who told us that he had cultivated 110 acres for four consecutive years with a straw crop; and found that the best yield had been after breaking, the first year; after four years his crops began to fail, and the land now required rest, deeper ploughing, or manuring;—wild buckwheat and lambsquarter weed had made their appearance, both being very injurious weeds,—especially the latter when allowed to go to seed. His farm certainly looked in a terribly wild condition, and the crops were very bad indeed.

We now came to Pembina crossing, and had to descend into a valley, wide at the base, with high banks on each side. We crossed the river by means of a very rickety old bridge; and, ascending the opposite bank, came on some particularly good land; but it appeared in want of rest, having been cultivated for five years. The following are my notes on the crops of a farm, taken as we drove along:—

Wheat and potatoes good.

Oats and wheat, poor.

Oats, fair.

Wheat, bad.

Potatoes, very good indeed.

A great many weeds, and especially wild buck-wheat, were noticeable in the crops. We talked to a settler of five years' standing.

who told us that after a certain time, his crops fell off, and that weeds were now getting ahead of him. It will be noticed that potatoes were invariably good; and this I attribute to the extra depth of soil turned in planting them, in comparison to what is required for wheat, barley, or oats. Soon afterwards we arrived at Manitoba "City"—which, at present, consists of one or two framed houses, and a tent;—and this brought our one hundred and seventy miles drive to a termination.

I had intended this to be my last article; but, finding that it would either be too lengthy, or that I should have to curtail my account of Manitoba too much, I must reserve a description of other interesting parts of this province for another paper, which will really be the concluding one; after that I hope to send a reply to the various questions which have been put to me.

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ARTICLE VIII.

MANITOBA CONTINUED.

Time and space will not allow me to give a long account of a very interesting drive, which I took from Manitoba City, on a "buck board;" accompanied by an intelligent and prosperous farmer. The water in his (thirty feet deep) well was excellent. The lands round Manitoba City are of first-rate quality for wheat, oats, and barley. I was taken to see what the settlers call a stock or grazing farm, not many miles distant; and which I was told was quite a different country to the corn-growing lands. I was much interested in what I saw; but what surprised me most was the great amount of wild vetch and prairie peas, which grow here quite two feet high; constituting, it is said, the best feeding stuff in the Dominion. There were immense quantities, utterly unused for want of stock; the grasses were so thick that we could hardly drive through them, and the vetches (without exaggeration) almost prevented the wheels from turning. Our horse showed his appreciation of the good food surrounding him, by continually stopping to have a mouthful; and even my companion, the farmer, expressed his astonishment at the luxuriant growth. We saw tracks of cattle which had roamed at pleasure; the whole district, although owned by someone, seeming to be unoccupied; and in places, neighbours had cut hay, taking a patch here and there as suited them best. All this land is only partially stocked for want of capital. In choosing a stock farm, it is a good plan to select a slough (rather lower and damp ground adjoining more hilly lands), so that the cattle can change about from the lower to the higher grounds, and from the long to the short grass, and *vice versa*. I saw a good example of this in our drive, but there were no cattle to make use of it. In selecting corn-growing lands, take high, open, rolling prairie, with some scrub upon it; and, if possible, in a locality where prairie-roses and flowers do well, and are found in numbers. Upon making inquiry as to what was considered a fair profit to derive from a 160 acre holding, I was told that, after paying all expenses, 1,000 dollars (£200) per annum should be made. But I need hardly explain that this would be successful farming, of which everyone is not capable.

The sight of a well-cultivated garden induced us to

call at a settler's house, and I noticed there the following crops:—

Potatoes	}	All very good.
Cabbages		
Swedes		
Carrots		
Parsnips		
Beetroot		
Onions		
Parsley		
Wild black-currant		
Gooseberry		
Garden currant	}	Fairly good.
Radish		
Tomatoes		

His farm lands had been cultivated for several years, and I found the crops generally bad, from want of cleansing and rest. This person's opinion was, that "a man, let him work ever so hard, cannot produce the same crops the third and fourth year as he can the first and second." In answer to my question about which would answer the best; keeping stock, or cropping as at present, he replied:—"Stock is the thing; for the land will get poor in time with cropping." It must, of course, be remembered, that the above conversation took place with regard to only a portion of the province. Potatoes, swedes, or turnips would take the place of a summer fallow; and either of the three will act as a cleanser of the soil. The average yield of crops in the Manitoba City district is as below:—

Oats, 60 to 70 bushels per acre—30 to 50 cents per bushel.

Barley, 25 to 40 bushels per acre—30 to 60 cents per bushel.

Wheat, 30 bushels per acre—75 cents (3s.) per bushel.

Potatoes, 250 to 350 bushels (60lbs. per bushel) per acre—35 to 75 cents per bushel.

The soil varied from eighteen to twenty-four inches in depth. The general opinion seemed to be that it would not pay to grow wheat, if one had to haul it more than twenty-five miles; but in this district the railway is just completed.

The next day we visited a Mennonite village; but I can here only give a most cursory description of these very interesting settlers. They come from Russia; and, in accordance with their faith, will not fight; the Russian Government therefore gave them ten years in which to seek a fresh home. This clemency is now cancelled, but thousands had previously availed themselves of the chance; and, under good guidance, many settled here. They occupy some of the finest lands just within the boundary of the Red River Valley; the depth of the soil there is three feet, and too good to require manuring for many years. Six townships—i.e., thirty-six square miles—were accorded to the Mennonites in this part. In this extent they have built themselves seventy-five villages, each of which contains from

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ten or twelve to twenty-five farms. Although they are not popular among the settlers, I considered their system of farming better than any I had noticed before, and their crops the best I had seen. When once settled, they remain, and look upon the place as their home; farming the land with the intention of making the best of it, without any idea of selling and moving elsewhere, should an opportunity occur of turning their holdings into cash. Indeed, I am not sure they are allowed to sell. Be this as it may, they have large herds of cattle, their lands produce excellent crops, and they conduct their farming operations on a certain system of fallowing, which I failed to see elsewhere. They are very good gardeners, and amongst a variety of vegetables and flowers I found the following:—1, potatoes; 2, sunflowers; 3, poppies; 4, nasturtiums; 5, pinks; 6, beans; 7, currants; 8, sweetwilliam; 9, pansy; 10, beetroot; 11, onions; 12, Indian pink; 13, scarlet star; 14, marigold; 15, gooseberry; 16, lettuce; 17, carrots; 18, French beans; 19, wild gooseberry; 20, sage; 21, sour kroot; 22, rhubarb; 23, china aster; 24, mignonette; 25, caraway seed; 26, sweetbriar; 27, Manitoba cherry; 28, swedes; 29, hollyhock; 30, peas; 31, horse radish; 32, vegetable marrow; 33, cucumber; 34, camomile; 35, water melon (which does not grow well); 36, balsam; 37, roses; 38, portulack. Attempts have been made to rear cotton-wood and poplars, with a view to planting them out to grow as fire-wood; plum trees, dwarf mulberry trees, and apple trees, have also been tried; but the latter do not do well in Manitoba. In every case the flowers were beautiful and well grown, and the vegetables, on the whole, were very good and creditable; the potatoes being excellent. The Mennonites were most friendly; and followed us about, all anxious to show us their homes and gardens, and we soon had the majority of the village walking about with us. Their knowledge of the English language was not very great; but their anxiety to show us everything, and to be friendly, made up for this, and we managed to understand each other pretty well. The oldest settler in this village has been here eight years.

The opinion I formed in our 170 miles drive through Southern Manitoba is as follows:—It was evident that there was a great want of capital amongst the settlers, and that the land, to a very large extent, was not being fairly or properly treated. From what I could see, a great deal of the country was remaining undeveloped; being held by speculators, who were waiting to sell again at a profit. The settlers themselves were apparently all, or almost all, of the same class; holding from 160 to 320 acres; which, in the majority of cases, was too much for a man with no capital. Nearly all the houses were built on exactly the same model; framed wooden houses about twenty-four feet by eighteen feet, and many much smaller; indeed, I only saw one instance of an attempt at what we should call a farmhouse. Each man is, in reality, a speculator in a small way.

and ready to sell. Having taken up 160 acres of homestead, and the same quantity of pre-emption land, (making 320 acres in all), and having settled for three years, he receives a title, and then looks round for a purchaser, intending to sell at a profit—usually ten dollars (£2) per acre, or more, if he can get it. During the three years he holds the land, he takes as much out of it as possible, and never thinks of fallowing, manuring, or cleaning. The crops are usually good for three years; but (as I saw afterwards) even in the second year, weeds begin to grow—the most noticeable being wild buckwheat and lambs-quarter; the latter is much like an English dock, and, when it seeds, does endless mischief. Of course, the only way to get rid of such weeds is to fallow, and kill them before they go to seed, as they do not spread from the root; and, even if the crop is already sown, it is worth while to sacrifice it for this object. One could form a pretty good opinion how often land had been cropped, by a casual glance at the wheat, barley, and oats; and, if on the same farm, the difference could be traced at once. Occasional fallowing is absolutely necessary in this country, as weeds grow apace; and so fallowing must be resorted to. Manuring is almost out of the question, on account of the small amount of stock kept;—the reasons against large herds being, firstly, want of cash; and, secondly, the long winters, which would entail a quantity of buildings, and six months' foddering. Owing to their small means, the present race of settlers find it more profitable to crop as much as they can; and, accordingly, each year they break and back-set a portion of their 160 or 320 acres; thus gradually diminishing their grass land. At present this makes no difference to them, for they can cut hay in the adjoining neighbourhood at pleasure; but, as the country gets filled up, this source of supply will be stopped. It appeared to me a short-sighted policy to be continually breaking up good grass land, and turning it into tillage, on apparently no system whatever, but just wherever a crop would grow best. The result of this must be, that a man with a small holding and a little stock, will shortly find he has more tillage-land than he can cultivate properly, for want of manure; and thus, instead of improving, the land will deteriorate. Every man was open to making a bargain to sell; and, instead of looking upon his holding as a permanent tenure, and a home for the remainder of his life, the idea always seemed to be to sell at a profit, and move on elsewhere so as to repeat the process. This sort of thing cannot lead to the best methods of cultivation; but so many of the original settlers did so well, and sold their lands at such a high profit, previous to, and during the "boom" of 1881-2, that others hope to do the same. A great deal of the land in Southern Manitoba is undoubtedly of first-class quality, and very far superior to any I saw in the North-West Territory; but a great deal of it is a grazing country, and this would, in my opinion, be more profitable, now that there is a larger population,

and hence a greater demand for meat than for wheat-growing. The land is not so deep, nor so suitable for wheat, as that in the Red River Valley; but for stock-raising it has, in many parts, great advantages, both from its undulating character, and the number of its ponds and creeks. The present settlers have not enough capital to invest largely in stock; but should they eventually be able to do so, they will find that their land is so cut up with ploughing, that it will be impossible to keep the cattle off the crops, without doing a great deal more fencing than would have been necessary, had the farm been laid out judiciously at first. There is very little fencing done at present.

For my part, I should like to see one or two superior farms, of (say) 2,000 to 3,000 acres apiece, in every township; if this class of farming were encouraged, men with more capital would be able to adopt a better system, and so set an example to the smaller settlers (the majority of whom are not farmers, but novices from other trades). This might do a vast amount of good, and lead to a diffusion, not only of knowledge, but of dollars; and employment would be obtained for the sons of the poorer settlers, for at least a portion of the year. I also think a method might be adopted for establishing villages, somewhat on the Mennonite principles. The houses are now so far apart that they look more like hay stacks, or turf heaps, spread over the open prairie, than anything else; and, unless a district becomes thickly populated, the children are thrown back for want of education, and there is a great difficulty in establishing a church. They say in the States that if "a church and a saloon" are started, a population soon grows up round them; and, I believe, in Manitoba, that if a district were thrown open for the formation of a village, and a church and school erected, settlers would soon strive to locate themselves within a reasonable distance.

As regards the crops; wheat, oats, barley, and potatoes grow luxuriantly upon the land, when first broken; and for from one to four years afterwards, according to the depth of soil. Potatoes especially grow exceedingly well; I hardly saw a bad crop in all Southern Manitoba. Cattle thrive on the grasses; but as to sheep, I saw so few of them, and heard so many conflicting opinions on the subject, that I was led to assume that they cannot do well. A grass called spear-grass grows in most parts, and, unless this is cut when young, and the feeding-ground thus cut enclosed, it undoubtedly works havoc among the sheep, penetrating through the wool and into the flesh. Whether it actually kills sheep, I cannot say, but it is obvious that it must irritate them, and prevent their thriving. There was a great deal of this spear-grass both in the North-West and in Manitoba, and I heard many complaints about it. However, I doubt if sheep have really been fairly tried; but it is probable that the same reasons of want of capital, and the expense of foddering them through the winter, apply to them, as to cattle.

The immediate future of Southern Manitoba is not so encouraging a prospect as it ought to be; for with such fine lands,—easily accessible to Winnipeg by the railway now open to Manitoba City, and shortly to be extended west to the Souris,—settlers ought to be flocking in. But the "land-grab fever" is now over, and has been followed by a decided reaction. So much land is held unoccupied and uncultivated, that settlers do not feel inclined to come, and buy at a price to pay another man's profit; when, a few miles over the United States border, in Dakota, they can procure equally good land, on reasonable and liberal terms. By a recent Act, however, lands have been, or rather will be, thrown open. In how great a degree this will affect Southern Manitoba I am unable to say; but, as far as I was able to judge, I should think that this would be an excellent district for emigration and settling, if lands were made obtainable on reasonable terms. All the free lands are taken up in Southern Manitoba; therefore a settler in search of them must go further afield. Many farms are not as well cultivated now as formerly; for during the "boom" of 1881-2, numbers of the original settlers sold their land to speculators, and these latter, unable to re-sell on account of the re-action in prices, have also failed to cultivate their purchases; and thus there are many farms out of cultivation. Again, some of the men who sold, went west, expecting to find better land and brighter prospects; but, coming to the same conclusion as I did, they returned disappointed, to find no more land obtainable in the old locality, and therefore started off for Dakota. This has been told me as an absolute fact, and perhaps it will in some measure explain, why so many Canadians have of late been reported as leaving Manitoba for the States.

The price of labour in Manitoba is now everywhere much lower than it was a couple of years ago, from the artisan to the labourer. Men employed in farm-houses get wages averaging 75 cents (3s.) to 100 cents (4s.) per day, with food and lodging. Servant girls are very scarce, and can obtain from 10 dollars (£2) to 15 dollars (£3) per month, with food and lodging. The average rate of wages of out-door labour in Manitoba, is now about 6s. per day (36s. per week), out of which the outgoings come to 24s. per week for board and lodging, and 4s. per week for washing; so there is not much margin left, especially as it must be remembered that during the winter months, employment at any price is very hard to get. The long six or seven months' winter, beginning in October, sets in finally by the 1st November; January and February being the hardest months. June is the wet month of the year.

We visited Winnipeg twice, seeing lands to its north, and also to its south, on the banks of the Red River. In my opinion there is no land in Canada to be compared to that of the Red River Valley. In places it is liable to floods, but on this I cannot now dwell; it is enough to say that here, within fifty

miles of Winnipeg, I have seen lands with good soil four to five feet deep; unnoticed, and neglected for settlement, merely on account of the rage for going west; but this is a matter which must eventually right itself. I can safely say, that some of this land can hardly be surpassed; on the banks of the river the soil is of great depth; and I do not doubt the fact, which I believe some of the old inhabitants can vouch for, that it has been continually cropped for from fifty to seventy years. Indeed it is the boast of people who extol the advantages of Manitoba, that the soil is so good, so deep, and so rich, that it is impossible to impoverish it by constant cultivation. I cordially agree as to the goodness, richness, and depth of the soil in the Red River Valley; but as to the possibility of continual cropping, I can only say that, whilst on my way to visit a farm not many miles from Winnipeg, we passed several holdings in the immediate vicinity of this river, all with excellent soil (a deep black loam, I do not know how many feet deep, but I assume it to be the best and deepest soil in Manitoba), but with as bad farming, as poor crops, and as great an amount of thistles, wild oats, and other weeds, as ever I saw in my life. This result is, I think, not from any want of manure—for I doubt if the land would bear manuring for a long time after breaking—but from want of ordinary care in fallowing and cleansing. I can assert as a positive fact, that some of the crops now produced in this district (which is acknowledged on all hands to possess the finest lands imaginable), are most miserable. Some people owning land here, are now beginning to reclaim; and to farm at a dead loss to themselves, what has been so ruined by others. One word more as to the depth of the soil in Manitoba and the North-West Territory. It is represented as being all deep, the bed of an old lake, &c., and no doubt it is something of the kind; but the soil varies very much in depth and quality in various districts, just as it does in any other country; and it must therefore not be taken for granted, because the Red River Valley possesses such deep loamy soil; that that throughout the whole country is of the same quality, for such an idea is very far from the actual fact, and must result in disappointment. I have no doubt that a farmer with money and experience, would soon double his capital in Manitoba; but I doubt if he would care about commencing after middle life, and I fancy he would soon regret the comforts and advantages of Old England. Not long ago, the Ontario farmers made an exodus in the direction of the New Country; but many have since returned. The climate of Manitoba is much the same as that of the North West; the same long winters, with nothing to do except cutting wood, and feeding cattle;—but it must always be remembered it is a dry cold, and, considering the lowness of the temperature, not felt nearly so much as it would be with us. A like amount of capital would be required for emigration, &c., as that laid down in my sixth article; of course, I do not mean to say but that there are many

men who have commenced with next to nothing; but it must have been an arduous and uphill task, and one which I can hardly recommend; especially now that all the best lands within reasonable distance of a railway are taken up. As I have previously suggested, an intending emigrant should take no one's advice, but should go and judge for himself as to the various localities in which he wishes to settle; otherwise he is sure to be disappointed, in, at any rate, some respects. It may be unnecessary to add, that none but those possessed of energy, steadiness, and perseverance, and who can make light of discomforts, would have a chance of success;—for this applies to all emigration in whatever direction.

With this Article I bring my series to a close; and I hope that, while some of the numbers have been simply descriptive of our travels, and of the lovely scenery we visited in the Far West; my later papers may have furnished interesting and practical information, relative to the present state of agriculture in some parts of British Columbia, the North West Territory, and Manitoba. I have tried simply to describe things as I saw them, and to give what information I gathered; and have no thought of endeavouring, in any measure, to restrain the tide of emigration which must flow towards these provinces; but I have an earnest desire not to misrepresent facts; and should anyone view these remarks as being worthy of being taken into consideration, I cannot help thinking that my criticisms would be verified by any impartial observer.—Canada must and will become a great country; and her future strength will be derived from the vast heritage now thrown open. There are, however, many difficulties yet to be overcome, and until capital is attracted thither, these will be great: but I hope, and think, that in the end they will be surmounted.

APPENDIX.

THE LATE MR. MEYSEY CLIVE.—MR. W. HENRY BARNEBY'S NARRATIVE OF THEIR THREE MONTHS' TOUR.

November 10th, 1883.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that we shall publish in the *Hereford Times* during the next few weeks, beginning Saturday, the 24th November, a series of very interesting and instructive contributions by Mr. W. Henry Barneby, of Bredenbury Court, in this county, which will be in the nature of a journal of the writer's tour in America in the company of the late Mr. Meysey Clive. The title of these contributions will be:—"Three Months in North America, including a Glance at the Far, Far West; being the outlines of a Trip by three friends in 1883." We need say nothing to convince our readers of the great and special interest which will be attached to this journal of events and impressions, not only because Mr. Barneby's name and reputation assure him of an attentive hearing, but also because the general subject is one about which the curiosity of Englishmen is not easily satisfied, and—last not least—because we shall in this way glean some particulars of the closing scenes in the life of one who was born and lived amongst us, and who had won the respect and affection of his neighbours. Mr. Clive, it will not be forgotten, died of fever at Winnipeg on Saturday, August 11th, of the present year, having been struck down in the fulness of his health and strength. It was not a mere pleasure-trip which he had undertaken in conjunction with his friends, Mr. Barneby and Mr. Arthur Mitchell, of Corsham. The object of all three was to study the agricultural characteristics of the country through which they passed, and to learn something trustworthy of its capabilities as an emigration field; and we have reason to believe that it was Mr. Clive's intention to publish the results of his experience for the benefit of English farmers, and possible emigrants to the new Canadian settlements. This disinterested task he was not spared to accomplish; but Mr. Barneby, more fortunate, is now able to do what his companion was prevented from doing, and we may look with confident anticipation to the forthcoming journal for a very readable account of the tour, and for a series of facts and views calculated to be of great service to the classes just mentioned. We may rest assured that the disposition and motives of Mr.

Barneby in his trip with the western pioneers, and in now contributing his record to the *Hereford Times*, have been the same as those which actuated the late Mr. Clive. A sincere desire to serve his fellow-countrymen was, as we took occasion to observe in our obituary notice, a distinguishing mark in the character of the deceased; and it is this mark which our readers may expect to find reflected in the communications of Mr. Barneby.

The regions traversed by the three friends between May and July of the present year, are amongst the most picturesque and interesting in the world—rich in the treasures of nature, for the most part exceedingly fertile, and everywhere presenting features of singular and novel beauty. The journey from England to Colorado—some six thousand miles of sea and land—must in itself have been a rapid and varied panorama of the most engrossing kind. Almost every different aspect of the world would meet the gaze of the travellers as they crossed from continent to continent and from ocean to ocean. The famous Colorado cañons are the gateways of a second new world beyond the first—a new world which attracts the minds of this generation of humanity as powerfully as the mysterious east was wont to attract the generations that are gone. From the plains of Utah and the Salt Lake City—the abode of one of the most remarkable communities that ever went out into the wilderness to seek and obtain their liberty—they would come to the great metropolis of the west, to San Francisco, and the Golden Gate of the Pacific. California would possess an inexhaustible fund of interest for the three Englishmen, so many of whose compatriots have in times past made that country the El Dorado of their hopes, if not of their realisations. The Yosemite Valley is a marvel of bold scarps and winding slopes, of monstrous trees and luxuriant undergrowth, of magnificent sheets of water and lofty cataracts, surpassing anything of the kind which Europe can produce, and impressing every traveller with a sense of its vast and novel scenery. Americans are proud of it with good reason, and their painters often strive to reproduce its grand effects. The remarkable Mariposa Grove lies within easy reach of the route to Southern California, where traces of the early Spanish settlers surround the visitors on every hand; adding the warmth and symbolism of ecclesiastical art to the simpler attractions of nature. No long journey by one of the steamers which ply the eastern arms of the Pacific Ocean would bring our travellers to those young and vigorous offshoots of Anglo-Saxon energy, Vancouver Island and British Columbia, where the new and old dominions of Englishmen in the Far West smile at each other across a few miles of placid sea. Then eastward again they would be borne, through Portland and Oregon, by the broad Columbia River, and thence, on the straight tracks of the Northern Pacific Railroad, across Montana and the far-famed Rocky Mountains. Dakota, Manitoba, Winnipeg would now

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greet the sight of Mr. Barneby and his friends; and here they would find themselves in the centre of the virgin plains which they had specially come out to see—vast levels of rich agricultural soil, waiting for tillage and harvest, and ready to pour its abundant wealth into the barns of any enterprising and industrious man who chooses to put his shoulders to the work. It is at this point that the narrative is likely to assume its greatest personal interest; for it was at this stage of his journey that Mr. Clive succumbed to an attack of malignant fever, such as many times before and since has proved fatal to Englishmen in that particular locality. There is manifestly in all this field a wide scope for description and comment, for advice and warning; and there is no doubt that Mr. Barneby will fully avail himself of the opportunity. He will find thousands of eager readers of his recitals, and they, on the other hand, will have a competent and disinterested narrator, with no inducement to encourage delusive hopes, or to recruit emigrants for any special Company, but with the sole desire of testifying what he has seen and heard. There can be no necessity to say more by way of introduction and recommendation. We prepare the way for Mr. Barneby with entire confidence that both his own powers and the attractiveness of his subject will constitute his best claim upon the attention of our readers.

MR. BARNEBY'S AMERICAN JOURNAL.

December 1st, 1883.

We publish this week the second of Mr. Barneby's bright and spirited contributions, whereof the first was published a week ago; and we wish once more to call the special attention of our readers to a series of articles which are not only of great local interest but also of wide and general value. In publishing in the *Hereford Times* these copious notes of his tour Mr. Barneby is actuated by a public spirit which deserves to be heartily recognised. He voluntarily takes upon himself a labour equivalent to the production of a fair-sized volume, partly, no doubt, in order to bear the testimony of friendship to his late neighbour and companion in travel, Mr. Meysey Clive, but chiefly for the purpose of communicating to intending emigrants the information which he has gained in Western Canada and America. The nature of this information will already be appreciated from the first two articles of the series. The travellers had an eye for the land before they looked at anything else. Wherever they went it was the soil and its capacities which first attracted them, and the scenery itself was inseparably associated in their minds with the character of the cultivation. No one can read the contribu-

tions without being struck by this scrupulous attention to the main object which Mr. Barneby has kept in view, and without gleaning from them the precise kind of knowledge which a man would wish to have before considering the desirability of settling in any particular locality. Thus of the neighbourhood of the Salt Lake City we are told that "everything looks prosperous; the lands are well stocked and irrigated, and thoroughly cultivated to the best advantage." Between Ogden and San Francisco "there were mountains in the distance which looked as if they ought to carry sheep; but probably by the end of the summer every blade of grass will be burnt up. It was only here and there that we saw a patch of cultivated land," Colorado "is rich in minerals, but those who meddle with mining speculations had better take care not to burn their fingers." It is the same throughout; and we can promise our readers that when they come to the articles dealing with other regions to which the attention of Englishmen has of late been specially invited, they will find yet more detailed and valuable information. The correspondence which we publish in another column bears witness to the interest which has been created in these personal reminiscences amongst readers far removed from each other, and regarding the matter from different points of view. We have no doubt that any returned traveller from the same part of the earth's surface who would be at the pains to tell the story of his adventures would be listened to with eagerness by a wide and intelligent audience. But the peculiar value of Mr. Barneby's notes, as we have already said, is that they are set down by a man of culture and discrimination, perfectly unprejudiced, and anxious only to acquire and impart such practical details of knowledge as would most concern an agricultural emigrant. Nor is this task achieved in a merely perfunctory manner, like a dry catalogue or a common-place guide book. There is life and movement in Mr. Barneby's papers, which make them readable in every sense of the word. We are wont to receive dozens of books from North America, full of information on many points of interest to intending settlers, but they are almost invariably too gloomy or too glowing in their scope and purpose to be received with perfect confidence. The articles which we are now printing from week to week exaggerate nothing. They are prudent, and at times even a little discouraging; but they bear throughout the stamp of entire good faith and impartiality.

MR. BARNEBY'S AMERICAN JOURNAL.

January 12th, 1884.

WE print this week the eighth and last of Mr. W. Henry Barneby's series of articles, entitled "Notes from a Journal in North America"—though, as we have already announced, a

supplementary letter will contain Mr. Barneby's reply to various questions put to him by our correspondents during the progress of the series. There can be little need for us to enlarge upon the special value of these extremely interesting papers, which have attracted much attention, and which, we trust, will be re-published in a collected form for the use of intending emigrants to the North-West. They amply deserve this treatment, no less for their readable character than for their precise and impartial information. We question whether any unprejudiced Englishman has ever before supplied such a mass of practical and trustworthy detail concerning the agricultural provinces of Canada and Columbia. No doubt we have had many treatises of a laudatory kind, produced under the direction of the Dominion authorities, or at the instance of the large railway companies; but the notes which have been appearing in the columns of the *Hereford Times* for the last two months are as far removed as possible from these indiscriminating panegyrics, both in their object and in their method. The most conspicuous feature in the entire series, from beginning to end, has been the scrupulous care of the writer to avoid exaggeration, or undue enthusiasm, or mere unthinking praise which might lead only to disappointment and disaster. Where the quality of the land, or the climate, or the resources of any particular district unquestionably deserved to be praised, praise has not been wanting; but Mr. Barneby has not hesitated to warn his readers against dangers and drawbacks which a less candid writer might have slurred over, but which it is of the utmost concern for every emigrant to know. We may point for an instance to the observations in the eighth article on the difference between the soil in the Red River Valley and the soil in Western Manitoba—which undoubtedly justifies Mr. Barneby's deprecation of "the rage for going west." It may readily be understood that these papers will have brought disillusion to minds which have been carried away by the glowing accounts of emigration agents, and that they will have the effect of keeping at home men who were all but determined upon trying their fortunes in the New World. Yet on the other hand there is so much that is really attractive in the description of the deep black soils of certain parts of Canada, and of the luxuriant herbage, and rich pasture lands, and abundant vegetation, and cheap food, and possibilities of handsome profits in some of the most favourable localities, that it would not be surprising if many of our readers had received a new impulse to emigrate by the perusal of these careful and judicious notes.

We must congratulate Mr. Barneby very sincerely on the success of his efforts to utilise his voyage to America for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen, and on the deep interest he has contrived to give to a simple narrative of facts. The writing of these articles has manifestly been for him a labour of love, and his reward will consist in the consciousness that he has

performed without fee a public service of no mean order to the community of which he is a member. The great drawback to all schemes of emigration, and to emigration in each individual case, is the want of exact knowledge contributed by perfectly disinterested and unprejudiced persons, without which it can never be wise or safe to exchange the ills we have for others that we know not of. Mr. Barneby has supplied knowledge of this kind which cannot fail to be widely acceptable and useful; and it is right that his public spirit should be recognised. The interest taken by our readers in his contributions has been manifest and sustained. The letters which have been addressed to us, though they make more or less demand upon Mr. Barneby's good nature, and impose upon him some additional labour, will doubtless be accepted by him for what they actually are—a spontaneous compliment and testimony of appreciation. It may always be assumed, when a certain number of letters reach the office of a newspaper in reference to anything which has appeared in its columns, that the interest called forth by the original contribution has been general and considerable. This has been the case with Mr. Barneby's "Notes," which we have placed before our readers with great satisfaction, and which have been welcomed by them as a truthful and lively record of interesting facts.

LETTERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR,—It was with much pleasure that I heard of Mr. W. Henry Barneby's intention to publish in your widely-circulated *Hereford Times* an account of his visit to America with the late Mr. Meysey Clive and Mr. Arthur Mitchell.

Mr. Barneby states that the information which his friends and himself endeavoured to collect related "more especially" to "farming and emigration," and that he hopes what he intends publishing may be useful to emigrants. In this respect the articles will indeed be valuable, for a man of Mr. Barneby's character, combined with his sound judgment, will be certain to furnish a fair and reliable statement as to what came under his observation. Accurate and trustworthy information as to the vast regions of "Canada and the North-West" is greatly needed just now. Professor Tanner's contribution to the subject—which I am glad to see you are publishing in the *Hereford Times*—is a valuable one; and though it paints the agricultural advantages of Canada in glowing colours, and so flatly contradicts many reports received, it is difficult to doubt its truth and reliability, coming from such a source. It whets one's appetite, however, for more information on the question, and increases the interest in Mr. Barneby's articles.

I cannot help remarking on the pity that more country gentlemen do not turn their foreign travels to some practical and publicly useful account, as Mr. Barneby has done. For myself, ill-health has confined my trips to the shores of the Mediterranean. Take this instance of Canada alone for an example. How many mistakes might have been avoided, doubts removed, and benefits secured, if only a portion of the tourists who have travelled through Canada had made a point of obtaining the best information procurable on the condition of the country as an emigrant land, and laid it before their countrymen on their return. The effort would not have detracted from the pleasure of their excursions, but rather added to it; and they would have won the cordial thanks of their fellow-countrymen. I only hope Mr. Barneby's example will be widely followed. Public gratitude will wait upon every endeavour of the kind, and as one of the public I desire to tender to Mr. Barneby my heartiest thanks for the valuable work he has undertaken.

A LANDLORD.

Herefordshire, November 28th, 1883.

SIR,—I confess that nothing in my *Hereford Times* of last week attracted me so much, or gave me so much pleasure to

read, as Mr. Barneby's first paper on his North American tour. I am sure I shall be expressing the opinion of thousands when I say that these "notes from a journal" are calculated to be extremely valuable to intending emigrants, and unusually interesting in themselves. It happened that one of my friends started the subject of emigration about an hour after I had read Mr. Barneby's paper, and there can be no doubt that the experience of a competent and impartial observer, as Mr. Barneby manifestly is, will be widely interesting, and provide a safer guide than either the glowing accounts of the emigration agents or the despairing tales of men who have been to the Far West and come back disappointed.

If Mr. Barneby will not think that I am taking too great a liberty, I should like to mention some points on which trustworthy information is especially needed by men who are contemplating a move to the New World. I have no doubt that he will have something to say about them all, though, of course, it is possible that one or more of them may be outside the scope of his notes. The friend to whom I have referred was concerned about the fortunes of a family whom he is assisting to emigrate. At present they incline towards Manitoba, but they have not made up their minds. The questions we were considering are these:—

- (1) In what parts is the soil most fit, by its character and condition, for plough-culture?
- (2) At what rate could it be bought? And could it be rented, without buying?
- (3) Would there be an opening near an arable farm of this kind for a smart "vet."—that is to say, would the population be likely to be thick enough, within a day's ride, to provide such a man with plenty of work?

I am aware that it is difficult to answer questions of this kind, and perhaps impossible to answer the last of them. Most experience has to be bought; but, at any rate, I can assure Mr. Barneby that every detail of information will be eagerly and thankfully received at a time when so many active men are being driven to seek their fortunes outside their native country, and are perfectly willing to turn their hands to downright hard work. The first plunge is often more important than the straight swimming which follows; and Mr. Barneby's very pleasant notes will be immensely useful if they include some plain tips for plain men on such points as I have mentioned.

OBSERVER.

Church Stretton, Salop, November 26th, 1856.

SIR,—Seeing in your *Hereford Times* of last week a number of letters on the above subject, and especially one from "Observer," asking some questions on behalf of intending emigrants, I venture to reply to the latter, as I have some knowledge

of several of the Western States and Manitoba, from a residence of several months in an English Colony in Iowa, and from a visit to the North-West made in the spring of 1880.

There is undoubtedly a good opening for many a man, both in the States and Manitoba, if he is possessed of energy, some moderate amount of capital, and is willing to turn his hand to work of all kinds connected with agriculture. If he is accompanied by a wife and young family, for the first year he will find many discomforts, and probably living expensive, unless he can obtain a berth with house on a farm to go into direct from England. If single, there is little difficulty in obtaining work upon a farm at once, and soon earning more than sufficient to pay his way—supposing he can cheerfully put up with hard work, rough living, and poor accommodation till he sees a chance to better himself. I will, however, confine my remarks mainly to, in some measure, answering "Observer's" three questions.

First—As to the part of the country "where the soil is fittest, by its character and condition, for plough-culture." The soil generally in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, and Manitoba is all most excellent for plough culture. Of course, in parts there are what are termed "bluff lands," meaning hilly and rocky districts suited mostly for running sheep or cattle, just as the soil varies in every county in England (and each State, remember, is as large an area usually as the whole of England—some larger), but the generality of the soil in the State or Province above mentioned is a rich, deep loam, most easily turned up with a pair of light horses of the stamp that we use in a one-horse brougham, or by the sulky plough, when three horses are driven abreast, and from three to four acres ploughed by one man in a day. It is not so much a question of soil as of climate and location and the style of farming that the emigrant desires. Few grain growing districts, if any, can surpass Manitoba, but you must be prepared for seven months of winter here, and the severity of the climate during the winter months is such as to make it necessary to house animals and feed them on artificials; so that most practical farmers will see at a glance that it is ill-suited for stock-raising purposes beyond an immediate supply for the district.

Manitoba is under British rule, which has a charm for most Englishmen; but I am inclined to think that in some respects, from the emigrant farmer's point of view, who looks at the country mainly from its money-making capabilities, this is more than a doubtful advantage—much as I regret to have to state this. In the States you have readier markets for your produce and much greater facilities for getting your produce to a market, for the Yankees have been much more energetic in pushing their railway system through the country than the Canadian Government, and it is seldom now in the States I have mentioned that farms are more than ten or twelve miles from a railway station. At most places that can boast of

a few hundred inhabitants in the States dealers are to be found who will purchase stock, or grain, or hay, to be compressed on the spot by weight, or, if you prefer it, you can generally ship them yourself direct to Chicago, which has one of the finest (if not the best) stock markets in the world, covering an area of 345 acres, divided out in pens, where public auctions daily take place, and the returns are regularly published in the leading newspapers.

These are undoubted advantages for farmers in favour of the States over Manitoba, though the latter is annually becoming more settled up and the Canadian Pacific Railway has been now pushed some 300 miles or more westward of Winnipeg since my visit in 1880. Both Dakota and Minnesota are grand wheat-growing States, though not, as a rule, quite equal to the Red River Valley and many parts of Manitoba. Here, too, the winter is severe, though not of quite so long a duration as further north. All sorts of grain do well in these States, but you must go further south if you wish to cultivate maize as your staple crop, and carry on in conjunction with it cattle and hog farming. Iowa, I believe, now takes the lead of the American States in this branch of agricultural business, and in it the Indian corn flourishes most luxuriantly; but even here you may experience, as I did in 1881, six months of winter, with snow four feet deep on the ground. Yet, as in the South of England that lies in the same latitude, that same year such a winter was the exception, and it is seldom that the inhabitants of Iowa require to use their rough sleighs above one winter in four. In the North-Western portion of the States, from Sioux City northwards for nearly 100 miles, will be found now a flourishing colony of young Englishmen, many of them members of our leading county families, who have settled in this district under the auspices of Messrs. Benson and Close Bros., of Cambridge University boasting renown, and whose offices in London are at 4, Bishopsgate-street Within. An application to these gentlemen for information on the purchase of land, when an investment in this direction is desired, will not be in vain either in England or America; but their work lies more among the capitalists as agents for the sale of lands belonging to the St. Paul and Sioux City Railway Company than in directly aiding intending emigrants.

With regard to "Observer's" second question, as to "What rate can land be bought at, or rented without buying?" it is difficult, perhaps, to give quite a satisfactory answer. Land everywhere varies in price according to location and present circumstances. At times, when things are "booming," as the Yankees term it, prices go up, but there is generally a re-action, even in the most flourishing colonies. My experience has led me to the conclusion that improved farms with house and shedding upon them can generally be purchased at a much cheaper rate than raw prairie lands, and then placing the improvements upon them. The American, as a rule, is a restless

creature, and many of them are always ready to sell out for cash payments and go further west at a few days' notice. I would, however, recommend no emigrant to purchase land until he has been resident some months in the country, and has learnt something of the ways of the inhabitants, unless he has an adviser on whose judgment he can thoroughly depend. Not a bad plan is to rent a farm, with the option to purchase, where it can be done; but when the person wishes to sell out and be off, of course this is out of the question.

Farms of eighty acres and upwards can generally be bought, with house and stable upon them, from eight dollars to fifteen dollars per acre—that is from 30s. to £3, but the price is regulated according to the proximity of the farm to a railway station or town, and the amount of buildings upon it, with water advantages. The usual size of farms is from eighty to three hundred and twenty acres. The whole country is surveyed out in square miles, or sections of six hundred and forty acres, on the border lines of which are reserved two perch from every section for a roadway. In a farm of three hundred and twenty acres, probably a considerable portion is hay-land, and not under culture. Farms can always be rented upon lease or by the year. Cash payments for rent are not yet the general custom, but rent takes the form of a share of the crop, which after all is perhaps the fairest plan, as it is the oldest, though ill-suited to capitalists who invest in land, as their returns in kind require more labour to collect and dispose of than the cash-rent system. If a tenant finds his own seed, the more usual rent is one-third of the crop; but if the owner of the land finds the seed, he exacts half the crop as rent. But all this is a matter for agreement upon entering on a tenancy.

And now for a word in answer to "Observer's" third query about a practice for a "smart vet." My experience would not lead me to hold out great expectations to any such. It is quite possible that in this matter I may be mistaken, but the residence for such persons, it seems to me, should be in a town—that is, a centre—rather than upon a farm where time can ill be spared for such work without neglecting more important business at home. Animals' lives are not regarded of sufficient value in colonial life generally for men to go to much expense on their behalf, and most practical farmers are their own vets. as they are their own butchers, for all ordinary purposes. At the same time, work of this kind may spring up in the more settled districts, but I should be sorry to hold out hopes in this direction without some farther experience or knowledge than I have had of it.

H. P. MARRIOTT DODDINGTON.

Little Birch, Ross, December 5th, 1883.

SIR,—I read Mr. Barneby's graphic account of his visit to the Yosemite Valley with deep interest. It is seldom that one meets with a finer bit of word painting—fine in its combined vigour and simplicity. Mr. Barneby has certainly filled me with an intense

desire to visit this natural arboretum, but I fear that the cost of such a visit would be tremendously heavy. I notice that Mr. Barneby speaks of the living, &c., as being "very dear." I suppose that his *et cetera* is meant to include the cost of travelling and other daily outgoings. But I should be glad if Mr. Barneby would give me some sort of notion as to the cost of a visit to the Yosemite Valley. I should not think of going unless I could be accompanied by my wife; and so I will venture to formulate my questions thus: (1) Could a lady travel with comfort? (2) Are there any dangers to be encountered from snakes or wild beasts? (3) How long would the journey take from the date of leaving England up to the date of arriving back in this country;—the journey to be taken in comfortable stages, but not unduly prolonged? (4) What would be about the cost of the whole for two persons for the time necessary to accomplish the expedition; Mr. Barneby stating what he considers to be the necessary time? And (5) would the cost of taking servants be in the same proportion to one's own expenses as it is in England.

J. W. S.

Preston, Lancashire, December 11th, 1883.

SIR,—I shall be obliged to you if you will allow me to submit the following questions to Mr. Barneby through your columns:—Would the country north of Sacramento, where it is well watered, be suitable for a gentleman of sixty years, in full health and vigour, with a very large family, and possessing £6,000 for immediate investment? Would he get a fair return for his money? And would Mr. Barneby advise his emigration?

ONE TOO MANY.

Hereford, December 20th, 1883.

SIR,—I am glad that Mr. Barneby, in his excellent articles, freely points out the drawbacks to the districts through which he passed in America. For example, he remarks (in Article No. 4) that the drawback to the Los Angeles district, and to other parts of California, is the difficulty of obtaining water for irrigation purposes. And is it not a scientific fact that the cutting down of forests (so extensively proceeding in America) tends to diminish the rainfall? The certainty of dry weather is undoubtedly a great advantage to the farmers, but there is a point where absence of rain becomes a serious evil. California is as yet far removed from the great centres of emigrant settlements, but there may be other parts of America where similar drawbacks do not exist. If he has met with any, will Mr. Barneby kindly mention them? In the midst of so much indiscriminate "puffing" of North America, farmers like to be well informed upon these points.

LOOKING WEST.

Berkeley, Gloucestershire, December 19th, 1883.

SIR,—In your *Hereford Times* of last week a few questions are put to Mr. Barneby respecting Upper California, north of the Sacramento, by "One Too Many." As Mr. Barneby does not seem to have travelled north of the Sacramento, he is probably unable, from personal observation, to give the information required.

I am what is termed in San Francisco one of the "Forty-niners," having landed in that city the latter part of the year '49. The city at that time was a perfect gaming hell, filled up with the greatest scoundrels from nearly all countries. My stay there was short. In company with two friends we started on our voyage up to Sacramento City, a distance of about 180 miles. It was difficult to get a passage on a steam-boat, so we took the first opportunity that offered, and paid eight dollars each for our passage on a handsome little schooner. Our little craft made good running up the magnificent chain of bays, but when we came to the Sacramento river proper our difficulties began. The first day on the river we came to what was called the swamp. The wind died away, and left us at the mercy of myriads of the largest and most vivacious mosquitos that I ever saw in any part of the world. At dusk we tied our little craft to a tree, and tried to get some rest—a thing that was altogether out of the question; all that we could do was to try and cover our hands and faces, and apostrophise the mosquitoes in, I fear, not very orthodox language. Thirty-four years have passed away, but I have a lively recollection of that night yet. On the following day we noticed the river swarmed with salmon (two years later the nets and steam paddle had denuded the river of fish). We eventually arrived at Sacramento City, and had a good look round; we considered it a very nice place, with the exception that it was built on very low ground, which the inhabitants found to their sorrow when the great inundation came.

From Sacramento to Stockton there is a wide stretch of country, a great part requiring irrigation, and not, in my opinion, a desirable district to settle in. North of Sacramento the country is fairly well watered, and the climate is nearly all that can be desired. The flora is magnificent; game abounds, viz., deer, hares, rabbits, and quail; there are also great varieties of humming birds, the most beautiful little things imaginable, from the American River to the Yuba and Feather River. The country is very mountainous, with little to be seen but a scanty herbage; the common pine tree of enormous girth and height, prickly chapperell, and gigantic rocks. There are hundreds of thousands of acres skirting the Sierra Nevadas, that, in my opinion, will never enrich the husbandman. There are some patches of bottom land, very rich in soil, but frequently rather swampy and liable to floods. The rattlesnake is rather too plentiful, and a most dangerous reptile to cope with. In the year '52 a friend of mine, from the State of New Jersey, at a place called Beales Bar, on the American River, shot a bird. The bird fell in some thick grass; he went to

pick it up; he heard the rattle of a snake; instead of taking to his heels he persisted in securing his bird; result—the snake struck him on the left leg. He had with him about one pound of American Cavendish tobacco, and ate it all, got to his tent, lay for two days in a stupor; when the narcotic had exhausted itself he woke up, and died almost immediately. But for the tobacco, probably, he would not have lived forty minutes.

If the soil of Upper California north of Sacramento was equal to the climate, it would be the most desirable place to settle in that I have ever seen, but seeing the soil lacks what an agriculturist requires, it is a most undesirable place. And why should an Englishman degrade himself by taking a naturalisation oath, wherein he swears to fight against all enemies of the United States, especially the Queen of Great Britain, when he has superior fields open to him where the Union Jack of Great Britain always floats? I would say to those that must make a move, "Don't go to North America—i.e., the most Northern States, or the Dominion of Canada, for no man can relish being half-roasted one-half of the year and frozen the other half." If "One Too Many" will think of Lord Macaulay's Prophetic Vision it may cause him to turn his face to the south, and take a trip to the Antipodes. Forty days' passage through the Canal will land him on the largest island in the world, where there is at this time as good a chance for a pushing man as ever existed at any period, particularly in Queensland, where everything will grow that can be grown on the Continent of America. To "One too Many" I say, "Queensland should be your home, but it will be a martyrdom to yourself and enrichment to your family." Those who have lived in distant lands know well what Sir Walter Scott felt when he wrote:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land.'"

D. LLOYD.

Argoed, Doldowlod, Radnorshire,
December 26th, 1883.

SIR,—I read in your *Hereford Times* of December 29th, 1883, a few notes written by Mr. W. Henry Barneby, taken from his journal of North America, and, being a settler in the North-West, I was very much interested in them, but I should like to make a few remarks on one or two of his statements. Mr. Barneby says that he would not advise any emigrant, married or single, to start on a less sum than £300, and he then proceeds to state how a settler might start on such a sum.

As I have had three years' experience in the country, two years of which were passed in the North-West, I hope you will allow me a small space in which to give my experience as to the best way, in a monetary point of view, for any emigrant to start farming.

Any single man who thoroughly understands farming can

no doubt start on £300, but he will have to be very careful how he invests his money. According to Mr. Barneby's letter, a man might imagine that he can go out to the North-West and immediately take up his homestead and begin to plough, and have his house and stable built in a few days; whereas when a man first arrives at Winnipeg he is told of all sorts of places, some near the railway, and others very far removed from it, and he naturally gets very puzzled as to where is the best place.

Well, suppose he sets his mind on one particular place, near the railway, but, as it is bound to be now, a long way west of Winnipeg; in all probability, when he first sees it, he will think it would be very foolish of him to take it up, without first seeing what the other places he has been told of are like; he will then go and look at them, which is a proceeding that any sensible man who intends taking a farm, perhaps for life, would most decidedly do. Now all this takes a good deal of time and money, and makes a great hole in his original sum, £300. Of course to a married man, with his wife, any one can see that this course, and the only sensible one, would cost a great deal too much money.

Now I should like to say a few words concerning the actual expenditure of starting a farm (according to Mr. Barneby) :—

Homestead fee ...	£2 (160 acres)
Pre-emption ...	32*
House and stables ...	60
Oxen ...	50
Wagon ..	16
Plough ...	5
Furniture and farm tools	20
Journey for two ...	40
Two cows ...	30
Food for two ...	60

£315

This is the principal statement that I really do not understand, unless he intends that the settler should borrow some money at the very beginning of his new career.

For anyone who intends to start I think the following statements of expenses will be useful; but I recommend a man to leave his wife behind him until he has settled on his land and built a house:—

Journey to Winnipeg ...	£20
Homestead fee ...	2
House and stables ...	60
Plough ...	5
Oxen ...	50
Food for one year ...	30

£167

Incidental expenses, harness, finding land, &c. 20

£187

* Since corrected to £50. See footnote to Article VI., page 49.

Leaving a balance of £113 with which to carry on his farm for the following year. This manner of starting would of course entail a great deal of hard work and hard living; but no man, let him go to whatever country he likes, can live in clover at first, unless he has a large capital. I have purposely made no mention of either a pre-emption, wagon, mower, or rake (horse power), because I think the settler can best choose for himself on such matters; but I will give the cost of these, in order that he may not be overcharged:—

160 acres pre-emption fee	£2
To be paid for in 3 years at 10s. per acre	80		
Wagon	16
Mower	18
Rake	8

£124

From my own experience I should say a man ought to go out to work on a farm for a year, so that he may learn the customs and manners of the people around him; and also in that time he very likely will know where he had better settle; and last, but not least, make a considerable increase in his capital.

A word as to there being no call for labourers at present. Wages are enormously high—about £5 per month with board and lodging. If a number of men go out, wages no doubt will drop a little; but there will still be an immense demand for men, and even allowing wages to drop to £3 per month, with board and lodging, surely this leaves great inducements to young men who could work for a few years and then start as farmers. Compare this to a labourer's prospects in England!

As regards the land in Manitoba having been neglected, allow me to inform you, sir, that the private speculators and land-jobbers both of this country and Eastern Canada are the cause of this neglect, and, in the opinion of all classes resident in the country, are a perfect curse, as they keep out *bona fide* settlers who naturally would like to take better land, and nearer the older settlements.

G. C. BATTISCOMBE.

Woodlands, Glasbury, Radnorshire, R.S.O., and of Glandlyn, Indian Head, North-West Territory, Canada,
January 3rd, 1883.

SIR,—As my son left on Saturday last for his farm in the North-West Territory of Canada, he will be unable to notice Mr. Barneby's remarks that appeared in the *Hereford Times* of that day. It is, therefore, only fair to ask you to let me say that he noticed the three statements in Mr Barneby's Journal for this reason: The *Hereford Times* is so extensively read, and he is so very anxious to get Welshmen to emigrate (he having the highest opinion of them as emigrants), that, as Mr. Barneby made the procedure of taking up land apparently too easy, he was

anxious to do a little towards preventing disappointment, and possible disaster, to emigrant farmers. He also thought that Mr. Barneby's remarks about there not being a call for labourers might check that which he and all who are farming in the North-West of Canada desire so much—i.e., the emigration of labourers, and, as far as my son is concerned, especially from these Welsh counties.

As to the statement about land not being taken up in Manitoba as much as it might be, my son was glad to have a hit at those rich men in England who have done so much mischief by buying up the best lands, and holding them until men who have made money by hard work are compelled to buy these lands at a large profit to the original purchaser. This causes great injury to the Colony, as some of the best lands are kept out of cultivation.

A. BATTISCOMBE.

Woodlands, Glasbury, January 23rd, 1884.

SIR,—During the time you were publishing Mr. Barneby's narrative, a correspondent asked some questions about a district north of Sacramento. Seeing by his narrative that Mr. Barneby had not travelled that district, I ventured to give some description of it in your *Hereford Times* of December 29th. Since then I have been frequently asked questions by letter and otherwise respecting Mr. Barneby's narrative. I take this opportunity to inform all that may be concerned to know, that, from past experience, I know his narrative to be stamped with truth; and it should be remembered that it requires no small amount of moral courage to tell the whole truth, in the face of the many and varied interests centred in North America at this time. The public are greatly indebted to Mr. Barneby for the knowledge he has imparted—knowledge that will take months and the expenditure of hundreds of pounds for anyone to acquire practically.

D. LLOYD.

Argoed, Doldowlod, Radnorshire,
January 30th, 1884.

MR. BARNEBY'S REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIR,—In your last issue I brought to a conclusion the articles which I had undertaken to contribute to the *Heresford Times*; in fact, I have so far trespassed upon your space as to send two papers in excess of my original intention; but, owing to the large extent of country traversed, it has been impossible to compress the leading facts into a smaller limit. I trust that the perusal of these articles will not have proved wearisome to those of your readers who may have given them their attention.

I now send the replies, as promised, to several correspondents who have sought further information.

As regards "Observer's" inquiries of December 1st, Mr. Marriott Doddington, has, in his excellent letter, answered the main points, and I very much appreciated his contribution; I am not, however, aware what parts of Manitoba and the North-West that gentleman has visited, so I will proceed to answer "Observer's" questions to the best of my ability, trusting that he will understand that any views I may express are not intended to be antagonistic, and do not necessarily apply to the same districts. (1). As stated in my Article No. VI., the best land in the North-West for plough culture (so far as I have seen or heard) extends from Edmonton and Prince Albert on the north, to Qu'Appelle and Brandon (in Manitoba) on the south; some of the lands north of Qu'Appelle being still open for settlement. (For signs of good land, &c., in selecting farms, see Article VIII). In Manitoba, I should recommend the southern division and the Red River Valley, but especially the latter. (2). I should say from five to fifteen dollars (£1 to £3) per acre would be the price asked for ordinary settled lands. The Railway Company offers its lands at two and a half dollars; and different Companies have their own prices, with a rebate on settlement. Renting land is a practice not much resorted to; when it is done, it is generally on the share principle of dividing the crops. (3). I do not think that there would be any opening in the country, near an arable farm, for a smart vet.; or, at any rate, not sufficient to bring him in a practice worth having. I am sorry that I cannot give a more hopeful reply than this; but the houses are usually so far apart that it would take a good many very long days' rides to provide such a man with adequate work, even if his services were required at all. In or near a town, a practice worth having might possibly be obtained; but probably, in the present state of things, the supply in this profession is equal to the demand.

In reply to "J. W. S.," writing from Preston, Lancashire, as to the expense of a visit to the Yosemite:—In the Valley itself the cost of living is dear, say, £1 per day; and those who have

person sixty years of age, although now in full health and vigour, the complete change of climate, habits of life, &c., and the discomforts which must at first be met with, are a serious consideration. I may safely add that in Southern California there is much apparently waste land now being converted, by means of irrigation, into excellent vineyards and orange groves; and comfortable houses are rapidly springing up. The climate, although rather warm in summer, is delicious in the winter. Here "One too Many" might make himself a comfortable home, and possibly with judgment might turn his money to account. The lands are rapidly increasing in value; but I fancy there are many places on the western slopes of the Sierra Madre Mountains, not far from San Gabriel Station on the Southern Pacific Railway, where they may still be procured at a fair price. However, in every case, a good water supply from the mountains must be the foremost consideration, as land without it is practically useless for either a vineyard or an orange-grove.

In reply to "Looking West," there are many parts of America where the drawbacks alluded to as regards California do not exist; it is, however, difficult to know exactly what "Looking West" requires. Assuming that he wishes for a wheat farm in the States, he cannot do better than Illinois or Iowa; but for mixed farming I was somewhat attracted by the southern part of Wisconsin. If he requires a cattle rancho, Wyoming is the best locality; but the ground there is mostly taken up. Montana is highly spoken of for cattle and sheep, and in this State there is room and to spare. Washington Territory is a new field recently opened up, and is reported to be good for general farming, and to produce first-rate hops. The main feature in selecting land in Montana is to procure a river frontage, let it be ever so small. Without this, or water of some kind, cattle ranching is useless. If possessed of a river frontage a man can have as much grazing land in the rear as he can utilize, for no one will care to interfere with him there. I have, perhaps, already said more than enough about Canada; so I need not further refer to it than to say that it is worth while for a farmer with capital, who does not care to rough it in Manitoba or the North-West, to cast an eye to Ontario, where there are many improved farms now available, at a cheaper rate than a few years ago.

In reference to Mr. G. C. Battiscombe's letter, published in the *Hereford Times* of January 5th, I must own in the first place that I cannot see its drift. I have certainly said nothing in my articles to induce a man to suppose that he can "immediately take up his homestead and begin to plough, and have his house and stable built in a few days." No reasonable man would suppose that he could. On the contrary, I have said in the very article to which he refers (No. VI.), that "if a man wants to settle he ought to take no one's advice, but should visit the country and judge for himself;" and this recommendation I have repeated in my concluding article. If married, a man must

decide whether to take his wife "land prospecting," or not; but I should certainly not advise him to do so, both on account of the expense, and of the discomforts to which she would be exposed. I may also mention that there are many married men now living in Manitoba, and the North-West, who have left their wives behind them. The ladies, as a rule, do not like the dulness of a prairie life, and often promise to follow when things are made more comfortable for them.

As to Mr. Battiscombe's figures, though some of the items are different, the two estimates, if compared, come to very much the same in the end.

In my estimate I added, "Of course a single man can make the necessary deductions, and a married man with a family the necessary additions." It is of this estimate that Mr. Battiscombe says, "This is the principal statement that I really do not understand, unless he (Mr. Barneby) intends that the settler should borrow money at the very beginning of his new career." I must express my regret at my statement not being understood, though I do not think I could have made it much clearer; but I fail to see that Mr. Battiscombe's statement in reply throws any fresh light on the subject. I never hinted that a settler should borrow money at starting, but expressly stated (see Article VI.) "I am of opinion that a settler, to do well, should not start with *less* than £300 to draw upon." Of course, as in England, the more he has the better. In any case, the first two or three years of settling must be very hard and rough work; and, as I have said, many people consider that a man should have enough money to keep him two years instead of one:—I added that it must be remembered, that if he takes up land in the early spring of one year, he cannot look for any return from his corn crops for at least eighteen months afterwards.

The only point, as far as I can make out, on which Mr. Battiscombe really disagrees with me is as to the call for labour. The expression I used in Article VI. was as follows:—"I see no call *at present* for an influx of the labouring classes into the North-West; for, except where capitalists or companies employ labour, the settlers have as much as they can do to support themselves, without employing outside labour, except in the busy time of the year." In the present undeveloped state of the country, it appears to me that every man is anxious to be a master, and not a labourer; and that this is the true reason why wages are so high, and why there is, apparently, a scarcity of labour to those who want to procure men's services as in England. It must also be remembered that the long winters, with nothing to do except feeding cattle and cutting wood, naturally preclude a farmer keeping more extra hands than absolutely necessary during that time; hence, I think I am right in cautioning labourers not to rush into a country where (until its resources are more developed) constant employment is, to say the least, uncertain.

I speak of the country as it was last autumn, and I think Articles VII. and VIII. will amply show the deficiency of capital.

I have also, in Article VIII. quoted the then existing rate of wages in Manitoba, and I was told by a man that he could get as many labourers as he wanted. It is also a significant fact that we found a camp of sixty railway workmen in the North-West, who had been out of employment for three months, and who stated that they could not get any work.

In the remarks I have made I have only quoted information given me by settlers themselves; and I have written impartially, as a casual observer travelling through the country, and not as one interested in any particular locality. Mr. Battiscombe may see, if he reads my article again, that I have several times deprecated the way in which land in Manitoba and other parts has been taken up and held by speculators, &c. Anyone who visits the country must see the bad effects of this on all sides.

W. HENRY BARNEBY.

Bredenburg Court, Bromyard,
January 16th, 1884.





